

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Legends of the North; or, the Feudal Christmas: a Poem. By Mrs HENRY ROLLS. 8vo. pp. 272. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE Legends of the North consist of a series of pretty poems, which, though distinct, form, collectively, an interesting story. They give a very faithful picture of the manners of the olden time, and some of the customs of the North of England, where Christmas is still kept with more hospitality than perhaps any other part of the country; and, although minstrel bards do not assemble to recite traditional legends, as in the Feudal Christmas of our author, yet the song, the tale, the laugh, the dance, are not omitted at this festival in the present day. There is much sweet poetry in these legends, and Mrs. Rolls displays a very felicitous talent at description. The following is an extract, descriptive of Christmas Day and the day after:

CHRISTMAS DAY.

High was the feast of Christmas Day,
The banquet rich, the evening gay;
Not deck'd alone the lofty board,
Where sat the guests of Nappa's lord;
But every table full was spread,
And every vassal freely fed;
And whilst the cup with spices crown'd
Circled the higher board around,
Bright mantling horns of foaming ale,
And jocund mirth and merry tale,
To the low herdsman's simple heart,
More full, more genuine joys impart.
As drains his lord the gilded bowl,
Oft pride or sorrow wrings his soul;
The luscious banquet does he share?
'Tis poison'd by the dregs of care!—
But when the vassal joins the feast,
The throbbing tenant of his breast
Bounds with quick pulse, light, gay, and free,
Regardless of futurity!
Would ye the varying causes know,
From which such different feelings flow?
Learn, that to crown with joy each hour,
Was never given to mortal power!
Ah! deem not life an idle toy,
But nobly wealth and power employ;
Firmly pursue some generous plan,
To aid the real good of man;
Or bravely join your country's cause,
Defend her rights, maintain her laws;
Relaxing from such glorious toil,
When pleasure wears her virtuous smile,
Bright glowing in your conscious breast
You then shall feel the joy of rest!

Mid the wide chimney's flames display'd
The mystic log is duly laid;
And, hark! with squeaking fife and drum,
A merry band of mummers come;
Their caps with wreaths and feathers crown'd,
Their sleeves with knots of ribbon bound,
Now springing light, now moving slow,
As high their gleaming brands they throw,

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Some ancient tale their Morris tells,
And cheerful sound their tinkling bells:
All crowd around with loud applause,
Then back some blushing maiden draws;
Why does her cheek such blush disclose,
The vernal rose mid wintry snows?
See, from the lofty roof display'd,
The mistletoe's mysterious shade:
Happy the youth, whose favourite fair
Is doom'd that magic shade to share!
Though proud or low his station be,
The kiss of love that night is free:
Such was the fine, in ancient day,
The daughter of the lord must pay
To the low herdsman, if its shade
At once upon their foreheads play'd.

SECOND DAY.

Now dawn'd the morn's faint yellow glow,
Yet plain and mountain, wreath'd with snow,
Close hid beneath a misty veil,
Spread one wide blank—dim, cold, and pale;
No sound of cheerful life is heard,
No ploughman's song to note of bird;
The mountain stream that rushes by,
The river's flow, the wild winds sigh,
Or the full torrent's roar profound,
Alone awake the echoes round.
When half his course was well nigh run,
Through cloud and vapour broke the sun,
And throwing wide his misty veil,
Show'd the wild beauties of the dale;
The plain is spread with fleecy snow,
And fair as light the mountains glow,
Up the dark rocks, in graceful twine,
Fantastic snow-wreaths glimmering shine,
And in the sun's bright noon-tide rays,
Sparkling with gems, the woodlands blaze.
Each lofty oak spread wide around,
Each slender heath-stem on the ground,
Ivy's dark leaf and pallid flower
Stand crystall'd by the icy shower;
From the high eaves of Nappa's hall,
In lengthen'd spikes, the ice-drops fall;

And joying in the transient ray,
The red-breast tun's his simple lay;
Bright but short-liv'd the dazzling glow
Of Christmas sun on fields of snow!
Frail as the joys, that courts impart
To the sad mourner's grief-burdened heart;
One moment past, the smile is fled,
And evening's clouds full quickly spread!

And now again is Nappa's hearth
The scene of hospitable mirth;
What shall the lengthen'd eve beguile,
Or sportive dance,—or playful-wile?
Where Aldbro' rears his mountain crest,
And the lone lake expands her breast,
The youthful skaters, bold and gay,
Had pass'd the wintry morn away;
As now their sportive labours close,
Each weary limb requires repose:
And see, a lovely female band
Soft smiling-round Lord Trinian stand,
And ask a boon!—the harp to hear,
Tun'd to some tale to beauty dear!
Not the fierce notes of war's alarms,
Of outlaw wild, of feats of arms,—
But such, as to the female eye
May call the tear of sympathy.
Such boon was never sought, in vain,
From knight or bard of gentle strain.

Is that a form of mortal race,
With cherub smile, aerial grace,
Beside yon lofty harp that stands
And wakes the strings with timid hands;
Whose auburn locks, bright waving flow
Around her brow of living snow;
To whose mild beaming eye is given
The azure tint of summer's heaven?
And who is he—that graceful boy,
Whose glowing cheek and laughing eye
Spirit and wit and mirth pervade,
—Through the dark ringlets playful shade;—
Like sun-beam on the warrior's crest,
Or boldest eaglet of the nest?

—'Tis Scroope of Bolton's rose-bud fair!
That noble youth is Nappa's heir!
Close to the reverend bard they stand,
She tries the strings,—he chafes his hand,
And leaning half against his knee,
Looks up with smile of fondling glee,
As whispering soft her honour'd friend,
The lovely maid is seen to bend;
The curls that o'er her temples play
Fall on the bard's of silver grey;
A contrast sweet their tresses show,
Autumn's rich leaf on winter's snow;
And such the ties their hearts that bind,
Bounty's rich fruit on age's mind.
'Tis sweetly tun'd!—the fair one cries,
Touch'd by that hand,—the bard replies,
Its notes must soft and freely flow;
Meet for a strain of love and woe;
For the wild tale, from Mona's isle,
I seek not Beauty's melting smile,
When moans the harp upon the ear
How soothing falls soft Pity's tear!

The following Song of Harvest is as pretty
as it is seasonable:

* Spring and Summer both are fair,
Both may boast their flowerets' dye,
Both may boast their balmy air,
And their cloudless azure sky ;
* Spring may boast her blossom'd boughs
Waving in the vernal gale ;
And her songsters' warbled vows,
Echoing down each peaceful vale ;
Summer may her rose expand,
And her early fruit display,
And call forth the jocund band,
To spread around the fragrant hay :
* But, though fair the blossoms blow,
The brow of blooming May to deck :
And the moisten'd fruit may grow,
Summer's fervid thirst to check :
* Vie they with the bounteous store
That my teeming fields supply,
When—the golden harvest o'er—
Rises the shout of grateful joy ?
* Mine's the treasure of the bee,
For ~~the~~ the luscious dew she blends,
Mine the produce of each tree
That 'neath its weight o'erloaded bends !
* Mine's the calm, still, tranquil day,
Suited to the poet's dream,
Whilst the fading woods display
A deep, rich, mellow changing gleam !
* Mine's that bright majestic moon,
That spreads around her lengthen'd light,
As though she fear'd to close too soon
The pleasures of the harvest night !
* Then come, ye sportive elves ! who love
Beneath her silver beams to glide ;
Come, come, ripe Autumn's bounty prove
The treasures of her festive tide !

Instructions to Young Sportsmen, in all that relates to Guns and Shooting. By Lieutenant-Colonel P. HAWKER. Fourth Edition, corrected and improved ; with Ten Explanatory Plates. Royal 8vo. pp. 436. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH twelve months have not elapsed since the third edition of Colonel Hawker's *Instructions to Young Sportsmen* was published, yet a new edition has been called for, and is now offered to the public, with the result of the author's further experience, and to a sportsman of the skill, talent of observation, and practice of Colonel Hawker, the experiments of an additional season are of importance. The colonel is one of those honest matter-of-fact men that he takes nothing on trust ; his work is, therefore, valuable, because it is that of a practical sportsman, and the result of his own knowledge and practice. 'Everything here asserted,' as he says in his preface, 'has been the result of many years' trial and experience ; and, therefore, all reference to other publications has been as much declined as have statements from report,' the *report* of the fowling-piece, of course, excepted. Of the present edition the author says :—

'The improvements here added have been the result of still further experience : and, therefore, may be considered, in some degree, as finishing lessons to those young sportsmen, who have before done him the honour to attend to his earlier instructions.'

'The original matter, however, on which no improvement happened to present itself, will, of course, remain as before, for the benefit of younger pupils in shooting. But

everything, which was written previously to the year 1816, that could be improved, up to the present year, has been introduced on a different, and, he trusts, a more perfect system.

'All the new directions, which this edition contains, have been first experimentally tried, and taken down, from time to time, in a pocket-book ; then detailed, as soon after as possible, in the most specific manner ; and, before they were entered among these pages, abridged to about a tenth part of their original bulk, through consideration for the patience of the reader.'

It would be quite impossible to do justice to a work like this by any extract ; to the sportsman it will recommend itself, on account of the great and varied information it gives on the subject of shooting, the choice of guns, powder, &c., and everything connected with this branch of field-sports. One excellent piece of advice the colonel gives, which never can be too strongly urged :—

'Let every one who begins shooting, take warning from the many serious misfortunes that have, alas ! too often occurred, and start with the *determination of never suffering a gun, at any time, to be held for a moment, or even carried, so as to be likely to come in the direction of either man or beast.* One, who strictly abides by this *golden rule*, would be less liable to accidents, even if he went from his door with both barrels cocked, than he, who neglected it for a few frivolous maxims.'

As the sporting season is so near at hand, and some of our readers may be novices, we shall for their benefit quote the advice of our author, who is old in experience, though not in years. To the novice, he says :—

'First, let him take a gun that he can manage, and be shown how to put it to his shoulder, with the breech and sight on a level, and make himself master of bringing them up to a wafer.'

'Then, with a wooden or bone driver (instead of a flint) let him practise at this mark ; and, when he thinks he can draw his trigger *without flinching*, he may present the gun to your right eye, by which you will see at once, if he is master of his first lesson. In doing this he must remember, that the moment the gun is brought up to the centre of the object, the trigger should be pulled, as the *first* sight is always unquestionably the best.'

'Then send him out to practise at a card with powder, till he has got steady, and afterwards load his gun, occasionally, with shot ; but never let the time of your making this addition be known to him, and the idea of it being, perhaps, impossible to strike his object, will remove all anxiety, and he will soon become perfectly collected.'

'The intermediate lesson of a few shots, at small birds, may be given ; but this plan throughout must be adopted at game, and continued, in the first instance, till the pupil has quite divested himself of all tremor at the springing of a covey, and observed, in the last, till most of his charges of shot have proved fatal to the birds. If he begins with both eyes open, he will save himself the trouble of learning to shoot so afterwards. An

aim thus, from the right shoulder, comes to the same point as one taken with the left eye shut, and it is the most ready method of shooting quick.'

'Be careful to remind him (as a beginner) to keep his gun moving, as follows :—before an object, crossing ; full high for a bird rising up, or flying away very low ; and between the ears of hares and rabbits, running straight away (all this, of course, in proportion to the distance) ; and if we consider the velocity, with which a bird flies, we shall rarely err, by firing, when at forty yards, at least five or six inches before it). Till the pupil is *au fait* in all this, he will find great assistance from the sight, which he should have precisely on the intended point, when he fires. He will thus, by degrees, attain the art of killing his game in good style, which is to fix his eyes on the object, and fire the moment he has brought up the gun. He may then, ultimately, acquire the knack of killing snap shots, and bring down a November bird the moment it tops the stubble, or a rabbit popping in a furze-brake, with more certainty than he was once used to shoot a young grouse in August, or a partridge in September.'

Colonel Hawker has been at great pains to ascertain the relative merits of flint guns, and detonators. On this subject he relates one or two anecdotes with great *naïveté* :—

'A well-known gunmaker (not Joe Manton), in presence of a well-known sportsman, offered to bet me fifty guineas that a detonator of equal size, &c. would beat a flint gun. I immediately took up the bet, told his clerk to book it, and offered to double it if he chose. He then fought off, and would not stand to what he proposed. Soon after the sportsman left the shop, and the gunmaker then said to me, " You are quite right ; but if you had not taken me up, I should have got an order for a brace of detonating guns." Let this be a lesson, then, to gunmakers, not to be so ready in offering wagers to gentlemen.'

'While I was using nothing but detonating guns for four seasons, it was the remark of my man, that he never had the pleasure to see me make such long shots as I was once in the habit of doing ; and I, ready to lay all the fault on myself, or rather to a premature attack of that anno domini complaint which must befall the best of us, felt that I dare not blame a system which my superiors had so universally adopted. I took up a flint-gun. This was worse and worse ; as its comparative slowness made me miss even fair shots. Last year, however, having been prevented, by illness, from taking a gun in hand till just before the end of the season, the sensation of firing a flint and a detonator became as it were *de novo*. I accordingly took out a flint-gun, and down came the long shots, as in former days !—I name this as a simple fact. Let others argue the point as they please. So I shall now conclude the subject by reducing the matter to a very few words. Can you shoot well with a flint-gun ? Yes ! Then " leave well enough alone !" Can you ? No ! Then, by all means, go and get a detonator !'

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This work is embellished with ten well-executed copperplate engravings, from designs drawn by the author himself, who is a clever draughtsman, as well as a good, keen, and intelligent sportsman. His work ought to be read from beginning to end by every person who wishes to become a good shot.

Memoirs of Madame de Genlis. Written by Herself. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Colburn.

MADAME DE GENLIS is too well known as a writer to render any observation on her talents necessary; and, had her memoirs merely related to herself, they would have possessed but a limited interest; but, as exhibiting a lively picture of French manners and French feeling, they become of importance. The picture, however, is by no means a flattering one, and she represents in a striking manner the frivolity, heartlessness, and intrigue, which distinguish society in France. Madame de Genlis is too much inclined to gossiping; and many persons will think the materials which constitute these four volumes might have been very well got into two, without the threat of others to succeed them. We shall not attempt any analysis, but select a few anecdotes, many of which are amusing. Whether our readers will think the following so or not, we cannot say:—

'The Chevalier de Jaucour had an agreeable countenance, a round face, full and pale, black eyes, handsome features, and brown hair, which he wore in disorder, and without powder; he really deserved his *sobriquet* of moonlight. His shape was noble, and he had a good air; his disposition was excellent, full of sincerity and honour. He had served in several campaigns; he entered the army at the age of twelve, and had shown as much military knowledge as courage. His understanding was like his disposition, solid and reasonable. At one of these suppers my aunt happened to say that I was afraid of ghosts. Upon this, Madame de Gourgues begged the Chevalier de Jaucour to relate his *grand story about the tapestry*. I had always heard of this adventure as being perfectly true, for the Chevalier de Jaucour gave his word of honour that he added nothing to the story, and he was incapable of telling a lie, in which, besides, in such a case there would have been no plausibility. The adventure became prophetic at the period of the Revolution. I can repeat it with scrupulous fidelity, because, knowing the Chevalier de Jaucour intimately, I have heard him relate it five or six times in my presence.'

'The chevalier, who was born in Burgundy, was educated at the college of Autun. He was twelve years of age when his father, who wished to send him to the army under the care of one of his uncles, brought him to his château. The same evening, after supper, he was conducted to a large room, where he was to sleep; on a stool in the middle of the room was placed a lighted lamp, and he was left alone. He undressed himself and went immediately into bed, leaving the lamp burning. He had no inclination to sleep, and as he had scarcely looked at his room on entering it, he now amused himself

with examining it. His eyes were attracted by an old curtain of tapestry wrought with figures, which hung opposite to him; the subject was somewhat singular; it represented a temple, of which all the gates were closed. At the top of the staircase belonging to the edifice stood a kind of pontiff or high priest, clothed in a long white robe, holding in one hand a bundle of rods, and in the other a key. Suddenly, the chevalier, who gazed earnestly on the figure, began to rub his eyes, which, he thought, deceived him; then he looked again, and his surprise and wonder rendered him motionless!—He saw the figure move, and slowly descend the steps of the staircase!—At last it quitted the tapestry, and walked into the room, crossed the chamber, and stood near the bed; and addressing the poor boy, who was petrified with fear, it pronounced distinctly these words: "These rods will scourge many—when thou shalt see them raised on high, then stay not, but seize the key of the open country, and flee!" On pronouncing these words, the figure turned round, walked up to the tapestry, remounted the steps, and replaced itself in its former position. The chevalier, who was covered with a cold sweat, remained for more than a quarter of an hour so bereft of strength, that he had not the power to call for assistance. At last some one came; but not wishing to confide his adventure to a servant, he merely said that he felt unwell, and a person was set to watch by his bedside during the remainder of the night. The following day the Count de Jaucour, his father, having questioned him on his pretended malady of the preceding night, the young man related what he had seen. In place of laughing at him, as the chevalier expected, the count listened very attentively, and then said: "This is very remarkable; for my father, in his early youth, in this very chamber, and with the same personage represented in that tapestry, met with a very singular adventure."—The chevalier would very gladly have heard the detail of his grandfather's vision, but the count refused to say any more upon the subject, and even desired his son never to mention it again; and the same day the count caused the tapestry to be pulled down, and burnt in his presence in the castle court-yard.'

'Such is the detail of this story in all its simplicity. Mrs. Radcliffe would have been glad to have heard it; and I dare say the Chevalier de Jaucour thought of it at the time of the Revolution: for the fact is, that when he saw the rods raised, he seized the key of the open country, and fled. He quitted France.'

No part of Madame de Genlis's memoirs is more interesting than that in which she describes contemporary characters. Of Madame de Staél she says:—

'It was at Belle Chasse that I formed an intimacy with Madame Necker: before the Revolution, she anticipated my visits, by writing me the most obliging letters, and by coming to see me: she brought her daughter, who was then sixteen, and not yet married. This young lady was not pretty, but she was very animated, and, though she spoke a great deal too much, she spoke cleverly. I

remember reading to Madame Necker and her daughter one of the pieces of my *Theatre for Young Ladies* (*Zelie ou l'Ingenue*), which I had not yet published. I cannot express the enthusiasm and the demonstrations of pleasure exhibited by the young lady during this reading; they astonished without pleasing me: she wept, uttered exclamations at every page, and kissed my hands at each moment; in short, she embarrassed me greatly. I was far from supposing that this young person was one day to become my enemy. Madame Necker had educated her very ill: she suffered her to pass three-fourths of each day in her drawing-room, among the crowd of *beaux esprits* of the time, who were constantly about Madame Necker; and, while her mother attended to other persons, and especially to the ladies who came to pay her visits, the *beaux esprits* entered into dissertations with Mademoiselle Necker on the passions, and on love. The solitude of her chamber, and a few good books, would have been more to her advantage. She learned to talk fast and much, without any reflection, and she has written in the same manner. She had read little, and all her knowledge was superficial; she has collected, in her works, not the results of sound reading, but an infinite number of recollections and incoherent conversations.'

Of the celebrated, or rather notorious Madame d'Epinay, we are told—

'She was then a woman of fifty, very infirm, and remained constantly at home: she earnestly begged me to come and see her. Her letter was prettily written, and I determined to pay her a visit; she received me so well, that I promised to return. M. Grimm resided in her house, and he always made a third person in our conversations. I had already seen him at Venice; and, without esteeming him amiable, I was pleased with his conversation, for he had travelled a great deal, and replied readily to all my inquiries. Madame d'Epinay could never have been pretty, and her manners were entirely destitute of elegance: there was a good deal of gossip in her conversation, but she was frank and obliging, and without pedantry: her understanding seemed to me very ordinary, and her reading very limited.'

The following is a good anecdote of impertinence rebuked:—

'We saw besides, at Spa, a young and charming Spanish lady, the Countess of Rechtereau, married to a man who might have been her father, but whom she really loved, as she proved by the attentions she paid him, and by her spotless behaviour: she was at once clever, ingenious, pretty, and a fine woman. At Spa she occasioned many unhappy attachments; among other, the Duke of L—, a young and handsome nobleman of the court of France, became desperately in love with her. As it was always very difficult to approach her ear, she remaining constantly near the count, he thought he had found a favourable moment one morning at the breakfast at Vauxhall, as Madame de Rechtereau was not on that occasion seated by her husband. The duke and several other gentlemen, who had the gallan-

try to serve the ladies, had not sat down to table, and his grace placed himself behind Madame de Rechtereau; he entered into conversation with her, but in an under tone, and leaning over her, he whispered in her ear, in a low voice, a formal declaration of love. Madame de Rechtereau, after listening quietly to what he was saying, made this reply: "My lord duke, I do not understand French very well, so that I have not comprehended a word of what you have been saying; but my friend there" (so she always styled her husband) "is much better acquainted with it than I; go and tell him all these pretty things, and he will explain them all to me very clearly." The duke, instead of following this advice, withdrew precipitately, with a visible air of vexation. The piquant answer of Madame de Rechtereau made every one comprehend what the duke had revealed to her with an air of so much mystery.'

With two anecdotes of Barrére and Talleyrand, we shall now conclude, but probably may take up the work again when the other volumes are published. Madame de Genlis had been told that Barrére was partial to her works, and that he also was an author; but, unfortunately,—

'The two works to which his name was attached, though published for more than two years, were scarcely known in Paris. The author sent them to me: one was the *Eloge de Louis XII. Pere du peuple et Roi de France*, containing, besides a panegyrical character of that monarch, an essay in praise of a monarchical form of government; the second work was the *Eloge* of the late M. Lefranc de Pompignan, full of praises of religion, and well-founded satirical remarks upon modern philosophy. These essays were badly written (the author never made his style better afterwards), but there was wit in them, judgment, ingenious allusions, and excellent moral principles. I agreed, at least, to receive this deputy—it was M. Barrére! This curious incident would have sent him to the scaffold, if I had taken notice of it in the reign of Robespierre; but my silence, and the profound oblivion into which his essays had fallen, obtained the author impunity for having committed the enormous offence of displaying humane and religious feelings in the first productions of his pen, which, in other respects, were poor enough. I got acquainted with him in the way I have mentioned; he was young, enjoyed a very good reputation, to much talent added a supple disposition, a handsome look, and manners at once dignified, modest, and reserved. He was the only person I ever saw from a remote province, who had all the refined language and polite manners, that would fit high society or the precincts of a court. He was not very well informed; but his conversation was always pleasing, and sometimes fascinating; he displayed extreme sensibility, a passionate predilection for the arts, accomplishments, and rural life; these mild and engaging feelings, joined to a lively talent of satire, gave his person and disposition a very interesting and original character. Such he seemed to me to be, and doubtless he was so then, for cowardice only made him

sanguinary; but at any rate, my connection with him (as with other persons I have become acquainted with since the Revolution) was never intimate.'

Of Talleyrand she says:—

'The last time I was at Hamburgh I again saw M. de Talleyrand—Perigord, who had just returned from America, and was on his way to Paris. I had been very intimate with him in London, whither he had fled at the beginning of the reign of terror, to escape from persecution, because he would not participate in any of the sanguinary transactions of that day. We remember, with great pleasure, the evenings we had spent together, along with Mademoiselle D'Orleans and my niece, without any other person ever being admitted to our party. I never heard any one express himself more forcibly than he did against the excesses committed in France; it was he who related to us the tragical end of the virtuous Madame Duchâtel, and the heroic courage displayed by the Duchess of Grammont in attempting to save her life. These melancholy accounts were sometimes enlivened by agreeable subjects of conversation, the charm of which arose from the pre-eminent talents of M. de Talleyrand. He was generally present at our little supper parties, the praiseworthy economy of which he was wont to praise with good-humoured irony. One evening I gave a grand formal supper, to which all our friends were invited: when he saw the splendid array, he approached me, and whispered into my ear, *I promise you that I shall not seem astonished.* No one could be more agreeable during the supper. He had written me several letters from America, requesting me always to insert a great many proper names in my answers. We were both of us delighted at meeting each other. I asked him if he were going to take any share in public affairs, to which he replied, that he was disgusted with them for the remainder of his life, and that nothing could possibly make him engage in them again. I am certain that he was sincere in what he said; but no men in this world know themselves so little as the votaries of ambition; they resemble lovers, who continually mistake discontent and vexation for impartiality and unbiased judgment. Some days before his departure, M. de Talleyrand asked me what orders I had for Paris, when I requested him to send me the work called *La Sagesse de Charron*: next morning I received a charming note from him, with the book I was desirous of, most elegantly bound, and of an Elzevir edition. It happened accidentally that he had this very book, which he kept at the sale of his fine library in London, and took always along with him, as he was very fond of it. I was very grateful for the sacrifice he made me; but this was not the first proof of friendship I had received from him, for he was in London at the beginning of the emigration, and having heard that I was in a convent at Bremgarten, he wrote to me to offer me twelve thousand francs. I declined the generous offer, but I shall never forget it.'

A Treatise on the Properties and Medical Application of the Vapour-Bath in its Different Varieties, and their Effects in Various Species of Diseased Action. By J. GIBNEY, M. D., of the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

DR. GIBNEY is well known to the tribe of ablutionists, and it is a pretty numerous one, by an Essay on Sea-Bathing, published some years ago, which contains much practical information on the subject. The volume before us, though complete in itself, forms a good sequel to his former work. It treats on the use and application of the vapour-bath among the ancients and the moderns, and among various nations of the world, more or less civilized. As the author resides at Brighton, and the subject of bathing occupies a large portion of his professional attention, he has had good opportunities for observation, and he is a great advocate for the vapour-bath. He says,—

'A daily inspection of its powers and its influence upon the variety of diseases that present themselves in so populous a sea-bathing place, has confirmed me in the conviction of the advantages arising from it, and, in most instances, of its superiority over the usual mode of bathing. From this experience, I am of opinion it should be considered, in most circumstances, as a much more powerful agent than the common fluid-bath, under any degree of heat.'

We suspect, however, the author is a little too sanguine in his statement of the beneficial effects of the vapour-bath, for there is scarcely any complaint in which he does not recommend it as efficacious. It promotes excretion and secretion, is good in pulmonary and paralytic affections, cholic and cutaneous diseases, gout and glandular swellings, febrile diseases and female obstructions. It diminishes the inroads of time and old age; and by vapour the doctor assures us 'existence may become comfortable, and longevity more secure.' Expectant heirs will not, of course, recommend it to their sires, nor a hen-pecked husband provide it for his wife. For the best means of using this panacea, the vapour-bath, we must refer our readers to Dr. Gibney's work, where they will find much useful information on the subject. We shall, however, make one or two extracts; the first relates to the use of the vapour-bath in other countries:—

'The administration of vapour, in disease, may be traced to the days of Hippocrates, and was efficaciously used by Celsus Galen, and many of the Arabian physicians; but to the inhabitants of the East, to the Egyptians, the Greeks, and to the Romans, its active application, both topically and generally, has been extensively known, but more known than understood, from the most early records up to the present day.'

'In the burning regions of the East, and in the frozen and extended countries of Russia, Finland, Sweden, &c., the practice has become as general as is the estimation in which it is universally held, probably arising from the existence of sensations and disease peculiar to regions remarkable for the ex-

tremes of heat and cold; added to this, the constant habit of a people occupying those districts is such, that existence becomes painful, without the comfort of the bath under one form or another—indeed, to such a degree, that a strict preclusion from its use is exercised and considered as a punishment of considerable severity. Should any instance of this nature occur among the Egyptian women, from an interdiction by the husband or otherwise, it would be considered of so cruel a nature, as to cause general disapprobation; for they not only enjoy the greatest delight from the salutary luxury of the bath, but, when they assemble at the adjoining apartments, converse with the greatest animation upon subjects of every agreeable description.

In the colder districts, apartments, heated to a very high temperature, are used as baths; and, after the necessary time of exposure, the bathers are habituated to rush into cold and frosty air—nay, numbers, from a high degree of heated medium, plunge into cold water contained in a pond convenient to the bath, or in winter roll themselves in snow, which, from force of habit, is found productive of no bad consequence, even though the change from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, is often reiterated; on the contrary, the removal of disease is frequently known to succeed; and it is worthy of remark, that this custom is found among most uncultivated nations, from the experience of its utility.

In these countries, and in Lapland, the same mode of bathing, as well as in producing vapour, maintains, as in Japan. From heated flints the apartment is raised to a high temperature, and by this means, in Iceland, their dry and sweating-rooms are raised as high as 115° of Fahrenheit. Boys and girls, with their parents, indiscriminately enter; and, to open the pores, and promote a more free perspiration, the surface of the body is gently struck with twigs, formed sometimes from one shrub, sometimes from another: this produces both a pleasing and useful effect, and is succeeded by feelings of grateful relaxation and refreshment.

Dr. Gibney is a great advocate also for the use of friction or shampooing along with the vapour-baths, and says its advantageous consequences are so great, as frequently to justify an observation of Sir William Temple, that a man who could keep a slave to rub him need never have the gout. The following is the doctor's notice of shampooing:

This operation, which is in Egypt called *masing*, although simple, and, strictly speaking, a process of friction and extension of the tendons and ligaments, requires practice and dexterity to perform it with comfort and utility to the patient.

In India, where each domestic's employment is specifically assigned, persons are instructed in the art, and prized in proportion to the facility and dexterity with which they perform it, and which, from early infancy, is practised upon children and persons of all ages, rendering their joints supple, and their muscles elastic.

After exposure to the bath, while the body is yet warm from the effects of the vapour, the shainpooman proceeds, according to the

circumstances of the case, from gentle friction, gradually increased to pressure, along the fleshy and tendonous parts of the limb: he kneads and grasps the muscle repeatedly, presses with the points of his fingers along its course, and then follows friction in a greater or less degree, alternating one with the other, while the hand is smeared with a medicated oil, in the specific influence of which the operator has considerable confidence. This process is continued for a shorter or a longer space of time, and, according to circumstances, is either succeeded or preceded by an extension of the capsular ligament of each joint, from the larger to the smaller, causing each to crack, so as to be distinctly heard, which also succeeds from the process being extended to each connecting ligament of the vertebrae of the back and loins. The sensation at the moment is far from agreeable, but is succeeded by effects not dissimilar to what arises from brisk electrical sparks taken from the joints in quick succession.

This operation upon the articulations of the limbs is much less frequently repeated than the other parts of the process of shampooing, and, in its effects on disease, must be considered as generally unnecessary and often mischievous; but this should not be said of friction, from which, by ancient usage as well as modern experience, we are instructed how much can be derived, when practised with judgment and *patient perseverance*: the Indians, who hold it in high estimation as a means of relief from the consequences of excessive fatigue and from unusual bodily exertion, have constant recourse to it; and, from its soothing effects, sleep is often induced where the usual means fail.

We ought to add, that the work is illustrated by some copper-plate engravings and wood-cuts.

GOURGAUD'S NAPOLEON AND THE GRAND ARMY IN RUSSIA.

(Concluded from p. 523.)

GENERAL GOURGAUD is certainly not the most courteous of critics, and in his examination of the work of Comte de Segur, gives the most point blank denial of his assertions. The comte says, 'The Kremlin at Moscow contained a magazine of gunpowder.' The general, on the other hand, declares that—

The Kremlin contained no such magazine. Everything in the arsenal indicated the precipitancy with which it had been evacuated by the Russians. Tow, projectiles, broken caissons, were strewed about the court. In the halls were found forty thousand muskets (of English, Austrian, and Russian manufacture), about a hundred pieces of cannon, quantities of lances and sabres, and a considerable number of trophies taken from the Turks; but no gunpowder could be discovered: there was none within the precincts of the Kremlin. The extensive magazines which we seized upon, were situated in isolated buildings at the gate of the Germans, on the outside of the city. They contained four hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder, and upwards of a million of pounds of saltpetre. Rostopchin had forgotten to destroy them!

The fire at Moscow is an often-told tale,

and we therefore shall not dwell on it. The general blames Rostopchin, and denies that burning the city was an act of patriotism on the part of the Russians; it was, he says, the work of one man:—

'How did he carry it into effect? By concealing from the inhabitants his mischievous plan; by resorting to the most violent threats to compel them to abandon their city; by throwing the prisons open, and letting the malefactors loose; by placing torches in their hands; by removing from the city every means of stopping the conflagration. It was so far from being an act of patriotism on the part of the Russians, that the inhabitants who remained at Moscow joined their endeavours to ours, for the purpose of arresting the progress of the flames. A complete sacrifice is that which was presented by the town of Saguntum, whose inhabitants, after throwing their wives, their children, and their treasures into the flames, rushed in after them; such an action justly claims our admiration. But a set of vagabonds who set fire to a city in which they possess nothing, and do so at the call of an individual who is so much execrated by his countrymen, that for many years he dares not make his appearance amongst them—such a set can only inspire one with horror.'

Mr. de Segur praises the act of Count Rostopchin, who sets fire to his country house, and declares that he does so, "in order that it might not be polluted by the presence of the French."

Was it good taste in a Frenchman to repeat expressions so grossly insulting? The subsequent conduct of Mr. Rostopchin has not corresponded with his words; for shortly afterwards he was found to come in the midst of those Frenchmen, and marrying his daughter to one of them,—the nephew of Count Philip de Segur.'

Sometimes General Gourgaud banters the comte, as in the following instance:—

Mr. de Segur presents us with a horrid picture of the field of battle of Malo-Jaroslavetz. Does he imagine that wars are carried on without the loss of men? From his description of a field of battle, we might fancy we heard a citizen of Paris who happened to be suddenly transported to one.'

The comte relates a story of some canteen carriers, who threw the wounded they were conveying into a ditch: General Gourgaud says,—

The following is what occurred: the emperor, at the head of his staff, was proceeding along the right side of the high road of Smolensko. Having observed the bodies of two or three Russian soldiers lying not far from the road, he called the orderly officer, who was just before him, and directed him to go and see what they were. That officer returned and informed him that they were Russians. The emperor appeared much astonished, and said, "What? Russians in our front!" The orderly officer replied, "Sire, I am informed, that the Spaniards and Portuguese in charge of the prisoners, have shot several of them who refused to march. Napoleon's countenance became severe:

"What?" said he, eagerly, "do they massacre the prisoners? Berthier, what does this mean?" Berthier replied, that he was ignorant of the circumstance, but would immediately inquire into it. An inquiry was accordingly made; when the Spaniards pretended that the column of prisoners having found some brandy in a cart that had been abandoned on the road, had drunk too freely of it, and that several of them becoming intoxicated, had attempted to disarm the escort, who had therefore been compelled to fire upon them. Proper measures were taken to prevent the recurrence of such irregularities.'

General Gouraud always speaks contemptuously of the Cossacks, who, however, gave the French some trouble. He says:—

"Marshal Ney, in order to show his soldiers how little those troops of Cossacks were to be feared, had ordered a captain of grenadiers to select fifty men, to go and set fire to a village situated at the distance of half a league from the road, then to retire in the direction of another village which he pointed out to him, and rejoin him after the exploit. "You will be," said he, "surrounded by five or six hundred Cossacks, or more; but be firm: not one of you has any thing to fear from them." The officer immediately proceeds to comply minutely with this order; in doing which he presently finds himself surrounded and annoyed by a thousand or twelve hundred Cossacks. The Russian commander in vain causes one half of his followers to dismount: he cannot succeed in securing any of this handful of brave men. Marshal Ney then despatches half a battalion to the assistance of these fifty grenadiers; who, together with their officer, rejoin the column untouched."

It is well known that Marshal Ney was the favourite officer of Napoleon, and that he was much attached to him; a proof of this is related by our author:—

"The emperor was at Barania, dining with Marshal Lefebvre, when an orderly officer, whom he had left at Orcha, to distribute the artillery among the different corps of the army, announced to him that some Polish officers had just arrived in the town, and had applied for assistance on the part of Marshal Ney, who was at a few leagues distance. The emperor immediately rose, and seizing the officer by both arms, ejaculated, with the liveliest emotion: "Is that really true? are you sure of it?" The officer having assured him that he was certain of the fact, that he had accompanied Prince Eugene, who, with his corps, was marching to meet the marshal; having, in short, succeeded in convincing the emperor of the truth of his report, his majesty exclaimed: "I have two hundred millions in my cellars at the Tuilleries, and I would have given them all to ensure Ney's safety."

The following is a striking instance of the cool courage of the marshal:—

"In pursuance of the orders which the emperor had sent from Zelitska to General de Wrede, this general had moved from Vileika to Slobkchowska. On the 8th of December, the King of Naples directed him to repair to Ruckowi with his Bavarian troops, amounting to two thousand and some hundred

men, in order to relieve the Duke of Belluno, who had hitherto formed the rear-guard, and to place himself under the orders of Marshal Ney, to whom this command was again confided. The Bavarian general, after being attacked in the latter position, by the corps of Cossacks who preceded the Russian advanced guard, and who were provided with a few light field-pieces, was thrown back upon Wilna; this occasioned a great disorder among the stragglers, canteen carriers, &c. The alarm was sounded; but the Cossacks would not have dared, on that day, to enter a town which still contained some organized infantry. General de Wrede, accompanied by sixty light horsemen, proceeded to Ney's quarters. After ranging his troops in order of battle before his door, he went to the marshal's apartment, with his sword yet in hand: "Mr. Le Maréchal," he said to him, "the enemy is close after me. I come with my sixty horsemen to offer to lead you in safety to the road to Kowno." Ney was leaning against the chimney. He coolly took De Wrede by the hand to a window looking upon the street, and showing him the excess of the disorder, and the unarmed men who were hurried along in their flight, he said: "Mr. Le General, do you think that a marshal of the empire can mix with such a rabble?" The Bavarian general stood amazed for a moment; he then objected to Ney, that if he remained any longer in Wilna, he ran the risk of falling into the enemy's hands; the marshal replied: "No, no, general, fear nothing for me; I have here fifty French grenadiers about me; and all the Cossacks in the world shall not dislodge me before eight o'clock to-morrow."

The Complete Servant; being a Practical Guide to the Peculiar Duties and Business of all Descriptions of Servants; with Useful Receipts and Tables. By SAMUEL and SARAH ADAMS, Fifty Years Servants in different Families. 12mo. pp. 502. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

Who Samuel and Sarah Adams are, we neither know nor care; they may place their residence at Edgware or anywhere they please. They are, we believe, nearly related to a certain Colin Mackenzie, and to the Goldsmith (not Oliver) in whose name some good school-books have been published. Everybody knows that Sir John Hill wrote Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, and why may not Sir Richard Phillips, who is a knight also, follow his example?—although, as he abjures animal food, and, consequently, Dr. Kitchener's committee of taste, he must of course take all his roasting and boiling and stewing and frying on trust. But, after all, Samuel and Sarah Adams, alias Sir Richard and Lady Phillips, have here given us a good book. We do not pledge ourselves to the excellence of the cookery receipts, except so far as concerns vegetables; though, as the others appear to be culled from the best manuals of the sort, there is no doubt they may be relied on. The work really contains not only much good advice to every class of servants, but much useful information. We always like to give an extract from a book, in

order to let our readers judge of its merits, but here we are at a loss amidst the varied details of a work of this sort, which treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. We will, however, at a venture take the rules for marketing:—

'BUTCHERS' MEAT.'

'General Observations respecting it.'

'☞ The best of every kind of provision is cheapest, affords most nourishment, and goes farthest.'

'As this is the most nourishing of all animal food, and constitutes a considerable portion of our constant aliment, a knowledge, not only of the nature and properties of the several kinds of animals destined for our use, but also of the manner in which they have been bred and fed, would be very essential if to be obtained, as it would enable us to judge of their wholesomeness, and their fitness for our healthful support and nourishment.'

'The flesh of cattle, of all kinds, fattened in confined and filthy places, on oil-cakes, or rank and half-decayed vegetables, should be rejected, as unfit for use. On the contrary, those animals which have been bred and pastured in open situations, on high lands, extensive downs, dry commons, heaths, and large enclosures, where the air is pure, and particularly where the grass is short and sweet, and where they require much exercise to obtain their sustenance, have their juices pure, their flavour excellent, and the texture of their flesh delicate, nutritive, and wholesome. Hence the superiority of the Welsh and South Down mutton, the Scotch and Welsh beef, &c. This fact is clearly evinced in the superior qualities that venison, and the flesh of all wild animals possess over that of tame ones.'

'Buttocks of beef, fillets of veal, and legs of mutton and lamb, as they have most solid meat and least bone, in proportion, are best for large families.'

'The most economical way for marketing is to buy what roasting and boiling pieces you want in one lot. Butchers will sell quantities, thus assorted, much cheaper than they will sell single joints; and prime roasting joints, when bought alone, are always charged extravagantly.'

'Beef and mutton, of a proper age, is more easy of digestion, and more nutritious, than veal and lamb. The same remark holds with respect to pork; for though young pigs are fat and luscious, yet they are not so nutritive as those of more mature age. The heart and other viscera of animals are nutritious, but hard to digest. Pork is a strong meat, but that which is fed at dairies is mildest and best. Fat meat is not so easy of digestion as the flesh of well fed animals, though not so fat. The flesh of old animals is dry and hard of digestion, and affords but little nourishment.'

'BEEF.'

'Instructions for choosing it.'

'An ox is in its prime, for food, at five or six years old.'

'Beef is never out of season, but it is in the greatest perfection in November, December, and January.'

The lean of the finest ox-beef, if of a proper age, has a fine smooth grain, it is of a bright or carnation red, feels tender, and appears to be marbled or intermixed with fat. The fat parts are firm, of a cream colour, and rather white than yellow. This latter distinction is of importance, because, if the beef be old, the fat will be yellow and skinny; and if the ox has been unnaturally fed, or in a confined place, and particularly if it has been fed with oil-cake, it will be very yellow, soft, flabby, and greasy. On the other hand, if the beef be too young, the fat will be white, almost like mutton fat, and the lean will be of a pale colour.

The grain of cow-beef is closer than that of the ox, and the lean is of a darker red.

Heifer-beef has all the appearances and qualities of good ox-beef, except that the grain of the lean is of a finer texture.

Bull-beef is coarser and redder than any other, the fat hard and skinny, and it has a strong, rank smell.

The best joints are the sirloin, rump, edge-bone, buttock, and the five or six fore-ribs; and the thin flank, the sticking-piece, the leg, shin, and cheek, are the worst.

VEAL.

Instructions for choosing it.

Veal is best and cheapest from March to July.

Veal ought to be fine in the grain, firm, white, and fat. The leg bone should be small. If fresh, the eyes will be full and bright, the flesh not clammy but dry, and the large vein of the shoulder of a bright red. The kidney taints soonest, and if that be sweet, and neither soft nor slimy, the whole calf is fresh. On the contrary, if any part of the flesh be green or yellow, or feels flabby, it is stale. The fillet of a cow-calf is preferable on account of the udder, but the meat of the bull-calf is generally firmest, whitest, and best, when dressed. The finest calves have the smallest kidneys.

A shoulder is the fore-knuckle and blade-bone together; and a leg is the fillet and hind-knuckle together.

The best end of the loin, the fillet, and the best end of the breast, are the choicest pieces: the knuckle, and scrag end of the neck, are the worst.

MUTTON.

Instructions for choosing it.

Mutton is best from Christmas to Mid-summer.

When, if in its prime (that is about four years of age), it will feel tender when pinched with the finger and thumb, but if older, it will feel harder and fibrous. The grain of the lean should be a fine deep red, the colour bright, and the fat firm and white. Wether mutton is the best flavoured, and may be known by a prominent lump of fat at the edge of the broadest part. Ewe mutton is paler than wether mutton, is of a finer texture and of less value; ram mutton is strong flavoured, high coloured, and its fat is spungy.

The mutton of the small Welsh sheep, which are driven up, and fattened on Banstead Heath, and the mutton bred and fed on the South Downs, in Sussex, are the most es-

teemed in London. At Bath, the short-shanked Dorsetshire, and the Lansdown mutton are most in request; in Yorkshire and the northern counties, the Moor mutton; and in Norfolk and Suffolk the long-shanked is most approved; but the sheep bred in the Fens and deep fens of Lincolnshire, and that neighbourhood, are large, coarse-grained, and ill-flavoured.—Mutton tastes strong of the coat in May and June, or just before shearing.

LAMB.

Instructions for choosing it.

Lamb, like veal, is fresh when the eyes are full and bright, and the vein in the neck is of a fine blue colour; but if it be green or yellow, or if there be a faint smell about the kidney, it is stale. The earliest house-lamb, in London, is from the Dorsetshire ewes, which are sold in great numbers at Weyhill Fair, on the 10th of October, whence they are driven towards London, quite forward, frequently dropping their lambs on the road. This comes in at or before Christmas, and is generally cut into quarters. Grass-lamb comes into season about Easter, and when large and plentiful is cut up in joints, like mutton.

PORK.

Directions for choosing it.

The rind of all pork should be thin, and if young and properly fed, the lean will break when pinched, and will be smooth and of a delicate white; the fat will be white and fine, and the joints will look blue; but if the rind be tough and loose, or thick and hard, and the joints look red, it is old. If the flesh be clammy it is stale. The knuckle part taints first. When measles are seen in the fat, the meat is unwholesome, and should not be eaten. A pig is in its prime at two years old.

BACON.

The rind of good bacon is always thin, the fat firm and white, or rather inclined to a pink tinge, and the lean is of a bright red, tender and adhering close to the bone. If there be any appearance of yellow, it is rusty. The Wiltshire and Hampshire bacon is best, but the Yorkshire is much esteemed. Irish bacon is, in general, bad; but this article is now so re-manufactured in London, as to resemble, in appearance, the most beautiful Wiltshire bacon.

Hams.—The Westphalia or bear's hams, are the best; but the Westmorland, Wiltshire, and Yorkshire are the most desirable, of the English curing. Choose these latter short in the shank; and to know whether they are good, thrust a picked-pointed knife under the bone, and if it comes out clean and sweet, the ham is good, otherwise it is not.

FISH.

General Rules for choosing it.

(The price of fish depends on the supply; and it will often be found that one kind of fish, equally as good and seasonable as another, may be bought for much less money; therefore never buy at an extravagant price.)

When fish is fresh, it is firm, bright, and stiff; the gills are of a lively red, hard to open, and smell sweet; and the eyes are full

and clear. If stale, the whole fish, and particularly the gills and fins, will always be flabby and limber; the gills will be pale, and the eyes sunk and dull. By these rules alone, good fish may be distinguished from bad; but, besides these, some kinds of fish have other distinguishing peculiarities, which are as follow; viz.—

Sturgeon.—The grain of the flesh of a fine sturgeon is smooth, and very white, interspersed with blue veins. The skin is soft and tender, and its smell is very pleasant. When the veins and gristles are brown or yellow, instead of blue, or the skin is hard and dry, the fish is not good.

Caviare.—This is the roe of the female sturgeon. It should be taken out and beaten flat, then sprinkled with salt, and dried, first in the sun and air, and afterwards in an oven, till it becomes very dry, and of a reddish brown colour. Thus prepared, it is a fine relish; it is to be eaten with oil and vinegar.

Turbot., when good, is thick, firm, and plump; and the nose, and fins all round the belly, tinged with a pink colour; but, if it has lost this beautiful tinge, or if the belly be changed from a yellowish white to a blueish cast, the fish is either stale or poor, or both.

Soles are to be chosen by these rules, particularly as to the pink tinge round their bellies and under their noses.

Cod-fish should be thick at the neck, having the gills red, the flesh very white, firm, hard, and clear, and the eyes bright.

Haddock are to be chosen by these rules. The shortest fish are the best.

Salmon should be chosen for its small head and thick neck; its scales should be bright, and its gills and flesh of a fine red colour. The Thames and Severn salmon are mostly esteemed.

Skate, *marts*, and *thornbacks* are all of one species; they ought to be white and thick. The two latter should be kept a day, or perhaps two, to make them tender, and *skate* may be kept longer. The *maiden skate*, and the young male, or *thornback*, are the best; but large old *skate* is generally coarse and rank.

Flounders, *plaice*, &c., should be stiff and firm, with bright fall eyes. If flabby, these and all other kinds of fish are certainly stale. The *Thames flounders* are reckoned best, in London, because they may be had alive, or nearly so, and they are always best when dressed as soon as caught.

Herrings, *pilchards*, *whiting*, *sprats*, &c.—These may be classed together. The largest are the best. Their gills should be of a fine red, their fins stiff, their eyes bright, and their flesh, when best, is bright and firm. As the herrings emigrate, in immense shoals, from the northern regions, they are in the greatest perfection on their first arrival on the coasts of Scotland, the north of Ireland, and the Isle of Man. On the coast of the German Ocean, also, even so far south as Yarmouth, they are taken in great quantities, remarkably fat and fine, and full of spawn; but, before they reach the southern coast of England, they become poor and thin, and are then known by the denomination of *shot-herrings*.

'Mackerel look beautifully bright when first caught. These and whiting should be dressed as soon as possible.'

Massenburg. A Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 995. London, 1825. Cadell. Edinburgh; Blackwood.

The improvements in science, within the last few years, are not greater than in novel-writing; we, of course, do not allude to the productions of a Smollett, a Fielding, or a Goldsmith; but, after their deaths, a dark age in the annals of works of fiction succeeded, which only began to be expelled when the author of *Waverley* appeared. His example has done more towards improving novel-writing than all the criticism that ever was written on the subject; and the consequence is, that the whole class of tales of fiction are infinitely better than they were a dozen or twenty years ago.

Massenburg, we learn from the preface, is the first production of a young lady, and it is one of which she may justly be proud, for it is a work of considerable merit; it is, indeed, a very chaste performance: by this observation, we do not mean as to its morality, though the author speaks truly when she says, 'There is not an expression nor a passage in the whole tale, that the most fastidious parent need object to read to his family,'—we allude to its composition, in which there is no straining at effect—no attempt at caricature or extravagance, the author being content to depict human nature as it really is, and to point out the varied calamities which vice entails on families and individuals. Some of the scenes are of an amusing and others of a grave character, the story possesses considerable interest, and the principal personages are well drawn. We are almost at a loss for a sketch that shall show the author's powers, and are aware that many more striking might be found than the one we subjoin, which has all the simplicity, but, at the same time, all the charms of nature; it is descriptive of a girl returning to the scenes of early life, and is, we think, a pretty domestic sketch:—

'Home has the same effect upon the feelings that the fire has upon invisible ink; its effects are almost magical in drawing out the hidden sensibilities of the heart: approach to a long absent home will sometimes elicit traces of Nature's own beautiful designing, where we have before deemed that all was blank.'

'But so much has been said, and said so well, on this subject, that I the more speedily travel over the beaten road: like a village green, not even a humble buttercup or daisy remains for me to cull. I can only say that Eliza's bosom beat high with joy, to be again received to the arms of her uncle and aunt; and their hearts were full of happiness, even to overflowing.' 'Welcome, my own girl, a thousand times over!' exclaimed Mr. Davenant; 'but to come so unexpectedly—I can scarcely believe that my eyes tell me the truth!'

'Nor I neither,' rejoined Mrs. Davenant. 'I'm all in a flutter, I declare! and yet I am so—so glad!'

"There now, Lizzy, see what you've done. Your aunt is going to faint; why don't you go and assist her?"

"I would, dear uncle, if you would only release me; but you hold me fast here, and wonder all the while why I am not somewhere else."

"Ah! just as saucy as ever, I see. I suppose I shall have a fine life of it between you both. I wonder what brought you to put everything wrong, when we were just learning to live quietly without you. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Oh, uncle, I assure you I've grown very demure!"

"Grown demure, have you? Then let me tell you I'll not have you demure! I don't like you to be demure—I'll have you just as you used to be, and not a whit different! We'll certainly send you back again, if we've any long faces here!"

"How can you talk so, Henry?" said Mrs. Davenant. "Don't you see that the dear child's quite tired, and as white as my cap?"

"Eliza, are you ill?"

"No, dear uncle, only tired; a night's rest will restore me."

"Then to bed—away with you! and I order you to rise in the morning well and blooming, neither demure nor pale. Drink your whey, sleep soundly, and dream pleasantly; and so good night my love—good night!"

Eliza retired to her own room—the room she had always called her own. She would almost have fancied she had occupied it the night before, and that the last few months had been her dream, so studiously had each trifle been preserved in the same order in which she had left it. A copy of Burns lay on the table; she remembered it was the last book she had read in before her departure; and, as her eye wandered round the room, she felt that not an article had been removed, nor had exchanged its place: this was one of those silent marks of affection which Eliza's heart could well understand and appreciate.

After Mrs. Davenant had seen everything around Eliza settled to her satisfaction, had closed the curtains, and shut the door, she returned to her husband.

"Henry, do you think she's altered?"

"Not a whit in the inside, but to be sure a great deal on the outside."

"Aye, so I think: why, look here"—and the good aunt took up Eliza's hat; "only look here; here's no less than—let me see how many feathers—three—five—seven—I declare! seven feathers!—why, she never wore a feather in her life all the while she lived with us!"

"Well, what of that? Eliza's no reason to hide her face. Many a one would be glad of such a face to show."

"I know it—I know it; but I think still that her poke straw bonnet was more becoming—not that I think she shows her face off very much neither, for here's her veil, and a beauty it is—cost a pretty penny, I'll be bound! And her shawl, gracious me, what a size!—and an Indian one too! What a beauty!"

As she spoke, she wrapped the rich shawl carefully up.

Mrs. Davenant was a great admirer of fine shawls; and she felt herself highly gratified on the ensuing morning, when Eliza descended from her room, bearing over her arm one much more costly than that which her aunt had admired, and, throwing its rich folds over Mrs. Davenant's shoulders, said—

"Let me, my dear aunt, have the pleasure of seeing you wear it; and pray do not lay it by in lavender. Let it see as much daylight as possible; and do not keep it a constant prisoner under lock and key."

"There's my girl Lizzy," said Mr. Davenant; "that's something like yourself; and I protest you have done as I bade you, and look quite well and blooming."

"Happiness does so improve one's looks, dear uncle, you know; and I am so happy, seated in my old place here on the sofa-corner; and after breakfast I must go and look at the garden, and see how everything gets on."

How sweet—how very sweet are the enjoyments of domestic life! When affection links a family together, and all contribute to the commonwealth of comfort, the taste that cannot enter into a participation of its pleasures must indeed be vitiated.

Eliza's heart beat with pleasure, and her eyes swam with joy, as she found herself once more in the renewed possession of her early enjoyment. She visited her old walks, remarked the growth of her favourite trees, and thought her flowers smelled sweeter than they were wont.

Eliza's spirits seemed to rise up the more buoyantly for their late depression; they had been bent, not broken down; the gloom that had been cast over them had passed away, and all appeared bright and joyous. This happy elasticity of mind, which seems to belong exclusively to unbroken youth, animated Eliza even into gaiety.

Mr. Laurence welcomed her back with a pleasure that almost went beyond his usual quiet habits. After a moment of pleased surprise, he said, "I welcome you back to your home, my dear Eliza. Is not this your home?—and I hope the heart is as little changed as the countenance."

"It is as it used to be," said Eliza, "the same in its affections; or rather," added she, "I think they have grown, like the branches of that acacia, which I myself planted a little twig, and which is now, like Hope, waving its 'yellow hair.' I think everybody and everything seem dearer, kinder, and better."

"And you had really no reluctance to leave London and its gaieties, and to return to quiet Cottingwith?"

"Really—really none! It seems to me the loveliest spot on the globe."

"May it always do so!"

"It always will: however luxuriant and beautiful other scenes may appear, they never can be the home of my youth. This little branch of sweetbriar is sweeter to me than all 'the spicy gales of Araby!'

"I am glad to see you thus cheerful."

"Oh, I feel as if I could never be miserable here—as if the thing was impossible!"

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"Home seems to me the very throne of happiness. The very air breathes happiness."

"Eliza," said Mr. Laurence, "do not mislead yourself; you mistake simplicity, ease, and cheerfulness, for happiness: they are only effects, proceeding from a young and innocent mind; and oh, may it always preserve this innocence, and pass through the severe trials of this world uncontaminated! Then mayest thou, my dear child, look forward to real and eternal happiness, which is not of earth, but of heaven, where I hope thou wilt enjoy it, through the mediation of our Redeemer."

The History of the French Revolution. From the French of A. THIERS and F. BODIN.

(Continued from p 516.)

RESUMING our narrative of the French revolution, the progress and events of which are so admirably described in these volumes, we find the National Assembly, which had just constituted its sittings permanent, decreeing the inviolability of each member, and declaring any one who should offer violence to their persons, a traitor, infamous, and guilty of a capital crime. The majority of the clergy joined the assembly a few days afterwards, as did forty-seven of the nobility; the remainder of the latter, however, continued to meet as a separate order. While the assembly was discussing questions relating to a reform of the laws and the making a constitution, as there was no public paper to inform the people of the events that passed, they met in knots to discuss them. The garden of the Palais Royal was the place of the most numerous assemblages, and men supposed to be devoted to the Duke of Orleans were generally the most violent. The dismissal of Necker was, however, the signal for something more than words:

"The multitude assembled at the "Palais Royal." A young man, Camile Desmoulins, since known for his demagogue exaltation, but endowed nevertheless with a susceptible and enthusiastic mind, mounted on a table, displayed his pistols, and crying "to arms," plucked the leaf of a tree, and stuck it in his hat. The whole multitude imitated his example. The trees were immediately despoiled, and the populace assembled in a museum of wax busts. They carried away those of Necker and the Duke of Orleans, menaced, as they said, with exile; and then spread through all the quarters of Paris. In traversing the Rue Saint Honoré, they were met by a detachment of the royal German regiment; a conflict ensued; several persons were wounded, and, among others, a soldier of the French guards. These guards were as favourably disposed towards the people as they were hostile to the royal German regiment, with whom they had an old quarrel."

This was the 12th of July, and two days afterwards the Bastile was attacked, and carried; the governor, Delauney, would have blown up the place, had not the garrison, consisting only of thirty-two Swiss and eighty-two invalids, opposed him, and obliged him to surrender:

"The signals were made, and the bridge lowered; the besiegers approached, promising to do no injury, but the crowd rushed on,

and invaded the courts. The Swiss contrived to save themselves. The invalids were assailed, and only snatched from the fury of the people by the humanity of the French guards. At this moment, a young, beautiful, and terrified girl came forward: supposing her to be the daughter of Delauney, the crowd seized her, and were on the point of burning her, when a brave soldier rushed in, snatched her away from the infuriated populace, carried her to a place of safety, and returned to the engagement.

"It was now half-past five o'clock. The electors, still assembled, were suffering under the most cruel anxiety. On a sudden a prolonged and deafening murmur succeeded to the tumult of the night, and immediately after the crowd rushed in, shouting "Victory!" Having entered the hall, a French guard, covered with wounds, and crowned with laurels, was carried in in triumph by the people; the regulations and keys of the Bastile were on the point of a bayonet; and a bloody hand, raised above the crowd, showed a curl of hair, taken from the head of the governor, who had just been beheaded. Two French guards, Elie and Hullin, had defended him to the last extremity. Other victims had fallen, although defended with heroism against the ferocity of the multitude."

The National Assembly now resolved to send another deputation to the king to urge him to heal the differences that existed; when Louis XVI., who had resolved on meeting the assembly, entered, accompanied by his two brothers:

"His simple and touching discourse excited the most lively enthusiasm. He re-assured the assembly of his good will, which, for the first time, he called "the national assembly," and complained gently of the mistrust they had conceived. "You *fear* me," said he; "well! it is I who *trust* in you." These words excited the most ardent applause. The deputies immediately rose up, surrounded the monarch, and conducted him on foot to the château. The crowd pressed around him; tears ran from all eyes, and he could scarcely open a passage through this numerous retinue. The queen, seated with the court in a balcony, contemplated at a distance this touching scene. Her son was in her arms, and her daughter, standing by the side of her, played innocently with the ringlets of her brother's head. The princess, powerfully affected, seemed delighted by this expression of love from the people. Alas, how many times during the fatal discords of the Revolution, has a reciprocal burst of feeling reconciled all hearts! How often for a moment has all enmities seemed forgotten; but how immediately has the court returned to its pride, the people to their mistrust, and implacable hatred resurred its empire in all hearts!"

The first emigrants from France were the present king, then Count d'Artois, and the Polignac family. Lafayette, who is much and justly eulogized by our author, was appointed to command the troops in Paris, and formed the National Guard out of the militia. They were dressed in uniform, and added to the two colours (red and blue) of the

Parisian cockade, that of white, which was the colour of the king. This is that tri-coloured cockade, whose destiny Lafayette predicted, prophesying that it would make the tour of the world."

The outrages of the rabble were not always capricious, but often directed against particular individuals:

"This was manifestly the case in the catastrophe of Foulon and Berthier. These unhappy men were pursued and arrested far from Paris, with an evidently pre-determined plan; and there was nothing spontaneous in the whole tragedy which followed, but the fury of the multitude who murdered them. Foulon was an old servant of the king's; but he was of a cruel and avaricious disposition, had certainly committed the most detestable extortions while in power, and had been pointed out as a successor to Necker and his colleagues. He was arrested at Viry, although he had spread the report of his own death, to elude his pursuers; and was conducted to Paris, where the people reproached him with having said that they ought to be made to eat hay. They tied nettles round his neck, put a bouquet of thistles in his hand, and a bottle of hay behind his back; and in this state he was drawn to the Hotel de Ville. At the same time, Berthier de Sauvigny, his son-in-law, was arrested at Compiègne, by the pretended orders of the commune of Paris. At the very moment when Foulon was at the Hotel de Ville, exposed to the rage of an infuriated mob, his unhappy relative was on the point of entering Paris. The representations of Lafayette calmed the fury of the rabble for a moment, and they consented that their victim should be tried: but they insisted on sentence being passed instantly, that they might speedily enjoy its execution. Several electors had been chosen as judges, but had, under divers pretexts, refused this terrible office. At last Bailly and Lafayette were fixed upon, and reduced to the cruel extremity, either of exasperating the rage of the people against themselves, or sacrificing a victim. Nevertheless, Lafayette temporized, with much firmness and address, and appealed to the people several times with success. The unhappy Foulon, placed on a seat by his side, had the imprudence to applaud his last words. "See," said one of the spectators, "they are in agreement!" This idea immediately fired the mob, who would not longer listen to his remonstrances. They rushed in upon their victim, and carried him off. Lafayette made incredible efforts to extricate him from the assassins, but in vain. The unfortunate old man was hung up to a lantern, and his head cut off, fixed on the point of a pike, and carried about Paris.

"At this moment Berthier arrived in a cabriolet, conducted by the guards, and pursued by the multitude. The bloody head of his father-in-law, which he did not recognise, was thrust into his carriage. He was conducted to the Hotel de Ville, and, far from being daunted, manifested the greatest intrepidity and indignation. He defended himself from the fury of the mob with great skill and courage, but was finally overpowered by

numbers, and in a short time fell, covered with many wounds.'

From Paris the infection of revolt spread to the cities, and

'The inhabitants of the cities having shaken off their chains, those of the country wished also to follow their example. They refused to pay feudal rights, persecuted those lords who had oppressed them, set fire to their châteaux, burnt their titles of property, and exercised in some places the most atrocious vengeance. A melancholy accident contributed more than anything else to produce this universal commotion. The landlord of Mesmai, Lord of Quincey, gave a fête round his château. All the country people were assembled there, and when giving loose to joy and merriment, a barrel of powder took fire, and suddenly blew up, with a tremendous explosion. This accident, which was known afterwards to have been occasioned by imprudence, and not intentionally, was laid to the charge of the landlord of Mesmai. The report was quickly propagated, and provoked on every side the ferocity of the peasants, hardened by a miserable life, and rendered cruel by their long-sufferings.'

The National Assembly now drew up the celebrated declaration of rights, and the king travelled from Versailles to Paris, assisted at fêtes and Te Deums as the people or the assembly wished. The 14th of July, 1791, arrived, and was fixed for a general confederation of all France, to be effected by deputies from all the National Guards and all the corps of the army. They met in the Champs de Mars:—

'The king and the president were seated by the side of each other on seats of equal height, inlaid with golden lilies. A balcony raised behind the king contained the queen and the court. The ministers were seated at some distance from the king, and the deputies on each side. Four hundred thousand spectators occupied the amphitheatres around; sixty thousand armed confederates went through their movements in the intervening plain; and in the centre rose the magnificent altar of the country on a base of twenty-five feet. Three hundred priests clothed in white garments, and tri-coloured scarfs, occupied the paths to it, and were appointed to offer up the sacrifice.'

'The arrival of the confederates lasted three hours. During this time the sky was black and lowering, and the rain fell in torrents. The heavens, whose brightness is so accordant with human felicity, were destitute of serenity and light. One of the battalions, after their arrival, laid down their arms, and struck up a dance; all the others immediately imitated them, and in a moment the plain was covered with sixty thousand men, soldiers and citizens, whose gaiety formed a striking contrast to the storminess of the weather. Finally, the ceremony commenced; the weather, by a happy chance, cleared up, and the sun shone propitiously on this solemn scene. The Bishop of Autun commenced the mass; the choirs accompanied the voice of the pontiff; and the cannon mingled its roar with these sacred sounds. The sacrifice being finished, Lafayette dismounted from

his horse, ascended the path to the throne, and went to receive orders from the king, who handed him the form of the oath. Lafayette carried it to the altar, and instantly every banner was unfurled, and every sabre flashed in the air. The general, the army, the president, and the deputies, all cried out at once, "I swear it!" The king, standing up, said, "I, King of France, swear to employ the power which the constitutional act of the state has conferred upon me, to maintain the constitution framed by the National Assembly, and accepted of by me." The queen, now inspired by the general enthusiasm, took in her arms the august infant, heir to the throne, and from the top of the balcony, where she was seated, showed him to the assembled nation. This action excited the most extraordinary exclamations of joy, love, and enthusiasm, both towards the mother and the child, and captivated all hearts.'

In order to give variety to our notice of this work, we again break off our narrative, to select a description of some of the most striking scenes of this important event. On one occasion, a mob of eight thousand citizens had collected in front of the assembly, and broke into the chamber:—

'The president having promised the vigilance of the representatives of the people, and recommended to them obedience to the laws, gave them permission to pass before the assembly. The doors were then opened, and the concourse, which swelled in a moment to thirty thousand persons at least, traversed the chamber. It is easy to imagine the manner in which the grotesque fantasies of the people displayed themselves on this occasion. Large tablets, on which were inscribed the declaration of rights, preceded their march. Around them danced women and children, carrying in their hands an olive-branch and a pike, peace or war, as the choice of the enemy, and chaunting the famous air of *ça ira* as they advanced. Then followed the market-people and labourers of all classes with pikes, old muskets, sabres, and clubs tipped with pointed iron. At the head of this band marched Santerre and the Marquis of St. Hurugues, brandishing naked swords over their heads. Some battalions of the National Guard, who took part in this procession for the purpose of preserving peace, then came forward in good order. Another band of women, and another of men in arms succeeded them. Flags, on which were inscribed, "The constitution or death!" waved in the air. Ragged breeches were elevated on poles to the simultaneous shout of *Vivent les sans culottes!* Finally, an emblem of atrocity was added to those of absurdity. On the top of a pike was stuck the heart of a calf, under which was written *Cœur d'aristocrate*. Cries of grief and indignation burst from the assembly at sight of this frightful emblem, and it immediately disappeared, but only to reappear instantly at the gates of the Tuilleries. The applauses of the galleries, the shouts of the people, the civic songs, the deafening murmurs that filled the air, and the anxious silence of the assembly, formed altogether a strange and distressing scene even to the deputies, who looked upon the multitude as

their auxiliaries. Alas! that reason should be an important helmsman in revolutions, that those who called to their aid the disciplined barbarians of the north, should have compelled their adversaries to have recourse to another species of barbarians, who, mingling gaiety with ferocity, wallowed in the sinks of cities, and remained stagnant in corruption during the most enlightened era of civilization.

'This scene lasted three hours. At last Santerre reappeared again, to return the thanks of the people to the assembly, and present them with a flag in testimony of their gratitude.'

From the assembly the rabble proceeded to the Tuilleries, where the king was compelled to submit to many indignities; and was even called on to put the red bonnet on his head, which he did. Pétion at length arrived, and approached the monarch, "Fear nothing," said he, "you are in the midst of the people." Louis, in reply, took the hand of a grenadier, and placed it on his heart. "See," said he, "if it beats faster than usual." This noble answer was highly applauded, and well it might:—

'Finally, the 14th of July, 1792, arrived; and what a contrast did it present to that of 1790! No magnificent altar, at which three hundred priests officiated; no spectacle of sixty thousand national guards, richly accoutred and regularly drawn up in regiments; no throngs of people in the buoyant spirit of joy and hope: no balcony occupied by the ministers, the royal family, and the assembly, gave on this occasion, an appearance of triumph and exultation to the scene! All was changed! The recent reconciliation had only embittered the hatred of both parties; and the very emblems of this solemnity announced the approach of a sanguinary contest. Eighty-three tents represented the eighty-three departments. These were pitched by side of poplar trees, on the top of each of which streamed the tri-coloured flag. A large tent was reserved for the king and the assembly, and another for the administrative bodies of Paris. Thus all France appeared to be encamped in presence of the enemy. A mutilated column, raised on some steps which had remained since the first ceremony, served for the altar of the country. On one side was erected a monument in commemoration of those who had fallen, or might fall in the service of their country on the frontiers; on the other stood a tree, called the tree of feudalism. It arose from the midst of vast piles of wood, and on its branches were suspended crowns; blue ribbons, diadems, cardinals' hats, keys of St. Peter, cloaks of ermine, doctors' caps, lawyers' bags, titles of nobility, escutcheons, arms, and various other emblems of a degraded aristocracy, to all of which the king was to be invited to set fire.'

The king took the oath of fidelity, but excused himself from setting fire to the tree of feudalism, by observing, that feudalism no longer existed. The Swiss guards had, from the commencement of the Revolution, been very obnoxious to the people, and the mob at length proceeded to attack them at the Tuilleries, forcing their way into the apartments

'It is positively asserted that a small detachment which remained outside, armed with pikes, seized upon the Swiss sentries, and put them all to death; it was also affirmed that some shots were fired in at the windows upon the Swiss in the apartments, who immediately retaliated it with a heavy fire of musketry, which so terrified the assailants on the staircase, that they fled precipitately, exclaiming, they were betrayed. It is difficult to decide from which side the first shots proceeded. The assailants declared that their intentions were amicable, but that they were suddenly attacked when they had advanced too far to extricate themselves, and in that situation slaughtered by the Swiss. This account is improbable; first, because the Swiss had no reason to feel a desire of revenge against the insurgents; and secondly, because the king's life being saved, it was natural that they should rather endeavour to protect than hazard their own. But even allowing that upon the act of aggression the guilt of all that ensued rests, it must be admitted that the insurgent party were from the commencement the aggressors. All that followed, after the palace was once attacked, was inevitable, and the effect of accident.'

But to return to our narrative: the detachment of the mob who first ventured over the threshold and ascended the great staircase, being terrified at the report of the fire of the assailants without, and the volley it provoked from the Swiss within, betook themselves to flight, and in their retreat received a shower of shot in their rear. The Swiss descended in regular procession, and advanced into the court. They then seized upon the piece of cannon that was lying there, and, although under a heavy fire, pointed it against the Marseillians, who immediately fell in great numbers. These intrepid recruits, not dismayed by this slaughter, rallied in a more compact body, but not being able to sustain or repel the reiterated and well-directed discharges of the Swiss, they were at last driven from the court.

The news of this defeat quickly spread among the people, who, as easily dejected as elated, immediately dispersed, and regained the faubourgs. Had the Swiss followed up this partial victory, and the gendarmes not deserted their post at the Louvre, a charge upon the repulsed besiegers would have decided the contest in favour of the palace. But at this moment, M. de Kerrily produced an order from the king, forbidding the troops on any account to fire. He also commanded the Swiss, in the name of the king, to follow him to the assembly. They obeyed; and the palace was thus deprived of the greatest part of its defenders. There still, however, remained on the staircase and in the apartments a considerable number of that devoted band, whom the king's order had not reached, and who were shortly exposed, without any means of resistance, to the most appalling danger.

During this interval the besiegers had time to rally. The Marseillians and Bretons, ashamed of having given way, resumed their courage, and returned to the charge with redoubled fury. Westermann, who afterwards discovered great talents, commanded

them. They fell in great numbers before reaching the door of the palace, but having finally reached it, and got possession of the staircase, they became undisputed masters of the palace, and a merciless massacre commenced. The unfortunate Swiss, throwing down their arms, implored in vain for quarter. The palace was immediately set on fire, and the gentlemen who remained in it were hunted from their places of concealment; some fled, but most were slaughtered. Among the victors a few showed some feelings of generous humanity. "Spare the women—do not dishonour the nation!" cried one of these; and some ladies of the queen, begging for mercy on their knees, with drawn swords suspended over their heads, were saved. Some of the victims also displayed extraordinary presence of mind, and succeeded, by their ready ingenuity, in many instances, in rescuing their lives. But the honesty of the lowest class of the assailants was most extraordinary; the gold found in the apartments was delivered up to the assembly.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL. OBSERVATIONS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF MEMORY.

MEMORY is, in its nature, so different from every other faculty of the human mind, that it is easily distinguished from all the other principles of our constitution. From this circumstance, together with its obvious sub-serviency to the affairs of common life, as well as to the more retired pursuits of science and literature, memory has not only long attracted the attention of philosophers and rhetoricians, but has always been more or less interesting to the individuals of every class of society; and hence many important facts respecting it were collected, and many of its most curious laws were discovered, at a very early period.

This faculty being, therefore, so well known, to give here a precise definition of it appears to be unnecessary. It may, however, be said to be *that faculty which enables us to retain and to recall, as occasion demands, the knowledge which we acquire by means of our other powers*. These latter faculties give us a knowledge only of things which exist at present: without memory, that knowledge would vanish with the objects from which it is drawn, or when we ceased to contemplate them; and the present moment would appear to us the first of our existence. Moreover, this faculty is not only the instrument by which we treasure up the knowledge acquired by our other powers, but is itself *a source of original ideas*. It furnishes us with the ideas of time, or duration, and all the modifications of which it is susceptible. Our idea of motion, or a successive change of place, depends on a previous notion of time, or duration.

The idea of duration necessarily accompanies the remembrance of a thing as past and formerly known to us. A different opinion was entertained on this subject by Mr. Locke, who maintained that our idea of duration is derived from a contemplation of the interval, or distance, between two ideas which we have

acquired successively. No arguments, however, are required to show that memory is necessary to perceive the different parts of such a *succession*. Reflection on the interval between two ideas, which we have acquired *successively*, necessarily pre-supposes the exercise of a faculty which informs us that we acquired the one idea before we acquired the other; and this faculty is memory.

As the notion of a limited space, which accompanies our perception of external objects, leads us to the admission of a space which has no boundaries, so the notion of a finite duration, which we acquire from memory, leads us to the belief of a duration which is infinite. The one rises, in our imagination, to eternity; the other, to immensity.

Before we proceed to offer any remarks on the means by which the memory may be improved, it will be necessary to take under consideration a prejudice which has long prevailed among philosophers—that a great memory is incompatible with a clear and penetrating judgment. This prejudice seems to have arisen from a variety of causes. Philosophers, observing that extraordinary powers of remembrance are sometimes accompanied by a defective understanding, have thence rashly inferred that a great memory is incompatible with a sound judgment. But, should we even suppose—what is contrary to experience—that all those who have weak understandings have great memories, we could not warrantably conclude that the converse of the proposition is true, so long as no necessary connection could be shown between weakness of intellect and strength of memory. For, though extraordinary perfection of this faculty may, and sometimes does, accompany a defective understanding, yet it by no means follows that a bad memory is essential to acuteness of parts. Cyrus, Themistocles, Cæsar, Cicero, Seneca, Wallis, Euler, were men who possessed memories of the very first order—of whose intellectual abilities, their own achievements, as contemplated either in the annals of fame, or in the monuments left behind them for our admiration, are the best eulogium.

Another cause which may be assigned for this prejudice, is, a belief that he who is endowed with great abilities, will place too much dependence on the force of his own genius, to submit, in early life, like individuals of ordinary intellect, to the painful task of exercising his memory, and storing his mind with a multiplicity of facts, or an extensive fund of information. It is also thought that the latter method of acquiring knowledge, will not be followed by such an individual, from an apprehension that it would deprive him, in some degree, of the praise of originality,—which is but too apt to be overvalued. It cannot be denied that this affection prevails, to a certain extent, among men of genius; for they would generally have us believe, that their knowledge is derived, not from the information of other men, and retained by means of extraordinary memory, but from their own sagacity and penetration, or the resources of their own minds;—a circumstance by which the prejudice in question has been greatly strengthened.

Another source of the prevalence of this opinion, is, that men of original genius are seldom found to remember the ordinary and trivial occurrences of life; and that they are often destitute of information on some of the most common topics of conversation. But these peculiarities of men of genius are to be ascribed, not to want of memory,—for they generally possess this faculty in great perfection,—but to habits which they contract in early life, and which gradually gain additional force, until at last the intellectual character is completely formed. They generally associate their ideas in trains peculiar to themselves, and widely different from those of the generality of mankind. Into their chains of association, trivial occurrences cannot enter; although they may find a place in those of an ordinary mind. From this circumstance, they are soon forgotten; and, not being connected with any predominant principle of association, they cannot be recalled.

Original minds,—or at least those which generally get that appellation,—are, for the most part, bent, with peculiar force, on some particular object of pursuit. What at first was simply an inclination, gradually becomes a habit. By degrees, almost imperceptible, the mind is thus drawn off from the ordinary affairs of life, till at last the individual is rendered incapable of attending to subjects which have no relation to that which is the object of his pursuit; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered, that they are seldom remembered; and that, when forgotten, there is but little chance of their being recollected.

But does all this prove, that such individuals have less capacious or less retentive memories, than other men? Indeed, the contrary appears to be true. Experience uniformly evinces that their minds are capable of retaining a far greater variety and extent of knowledge than those of the generality of mankind; and to that variety and extent (how much soever the truth may be disguised by themselves or others), the variety and number of the sources from which it is drawn, must always be commensurate. We now proceed to offer a few brief remarks on the most obvious means of improving this important faculty.

The improvement of which the memory is susceptible from exercise, is perhaps greater than that of any other faculty; and its *degree* and *kind* are capable of being accurately and specifically marked. He who endeavours to remember *words*, will have but a faint recollection of *things*; he who has been conversant only with trifles, will not long remember matters of importance; he who, by long practice, has acquired a talent for remembering *dates, anecdotes, aphorisms, or isolated facts*, will with difficulty retain in his mind a long process of reasoning; and he who has rendered his memory tenacious of abstract truths and philosophical speculations, will be apt to forget the trivial occurrences of life and the ordinary details of business. It must, therefore, be of great importance to give a proper direction to our thoughts at an early period of life; in order that our habits may have a tendency to store the memory with

what is valuable, rather than to load it with what is frivolous.

The *first* requisite for the improvement of the memory is, *a vigorous attention to the objects which we wish to remember*. For this purpose, it is necessary that habits of attention be cultivated, not only in reading and in conversation, but also in our daily business, and even in our amusements. ‘The true art of memory,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘is the art of attention.’ Without practising this art, we read and hear to no purpose. The inattentive reader loses his labour, while he wastes his time; and the man who is absent in company, is neither amused nor instructed. He can never be an agreeable companion. His virtues may command respect, and his peculiarities may be tolerated; but he cannot engage affection.—Though some actions may be performed, and some amusements may be relished, without attention; yet it ought to be remembered that the strongest habit was once weak, and that he who is now occasionally inattentive to *trifles*, is in danger of becoming, hereafter, *habitually* inattentive to *matters of importance*.

Attention seems to aid the memory by contributing to the vivacity of the original perception, and strengthening the chain of association. When our remembrance of anything is said to be facilitated by attention, it is not meant that the memory derives this facility from the operation of *a separate faculty of attention*; but from the vigorous exertion of that particular faculty of which the thing to be remembered is an object; or from which the perception was originally derived; whether it be consciousness, sensation, perception, conception, abstraction, or any other.—If, therefore, the memory be improved by attention,—and that it is so has long been a matter of familiar observation, and is a fact too well authenticated to admit of dispute,—its improvement must be intimately connected with the cultivation of the intellectual powers in general. Habits of strict attention are essential to the acquisition of a great memory;—or, in other words, he who is learning to remember, must, at the same time, learn to think closely, to perceive distinctly, to conceive clearly, to judge correctly, and to exercise his powers of association with vigour.

The *second* requisite for the improvement of this faculty is, *that we revolve often whatever we wish to remember long*. In the course of our reading, we ought to cultivate habits, not only of *attention*, but of *reflection*. While we peruse the work of a good author, we ought occasionally to reflect on the object which he has in view, and the means which he employs for the attainment of that end; on his general plan, principles, and method of illustration; on his success or failure upon the whole, as well as in particular parts; on the beauties and defects of his style, and on the general merit and tendency of his work. By attentively reflecting in this manner on what we read in books, or hear in conversation, we are enabled to select important from unimportant ideas, and, when selected, to arrange them into distinct classes, to establish a connection between them and our

former acquisitions, by means of associations, and to make them pass, from time to time, in review before us, in order to render our remembrance of them at once distinct and permanent. To the recluse student, and others who have a tardy recollection, and whose situations do not afford opportunities of applying their knowledge, it will be of great importance to exercise themselves frequently in reflection on their acquisitions. Occasional recapitulations of what they have learned, with meditation, at times, on what has passed within the sphere of their observation, will insure to them that readiness of memory which alone can give them a practical command of their knowledge, and will relieve them from, and enable them to avoid, that want of presence of mind for which even learning itself is but seldom regarded as a compensation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STREET-PREACHING IN NEW YORK.

BY MR. NOAH.

BY an accident on Sunday morning last, I fell in with the somewhat celebrated John Edwards. He was holding forth to a miscellaneous collection of people in a vacant lot in one of the upper wards, having been driven from his usual places of delivery by the ordinance of the corporation against street-preaching. The practice of itinerant enthusiasts and self-inspired teachers, in ranting or declaiming to multitudes in the markets, park, &c. had occasionally produced such tumultuous scenes, that the common council had been induced to provide for the public peace, by prohibiting these irregular, and frequently irreverend gatherings. On one of these occasions, John had furnished a bench, by way of rostrum or station in the park, to address the multitude from. Deborah Ripley, another equally zealous saint-errant, being a little earlier in her devotions than John, had occupied his forum a few minutes before him. John, who is an inveterate enemy to all arrogant assumptions whether in church or in state, and sworn enemy to princes and prelates, had too little of chivalry of the old school to brook this usurpation, even in a female, and quite unceremoniously ‘thrust her from his stool,’ took possession of his forestalled right, and with more violence than courtesy, maintained his ground ‘Here I take my stand,’ said John, ‘and no earthly power shall drive me from it.’ But John counted without his host. Deborah had friends as well as himself; and as these two champions of reason and right, of liberty and equality, like too many other sectarian controversies, spent more of their time and breath in pulling down one another from the bench, than in pulling down priesthood and aristocracy, their common enemies, they contributed almost continually to the diversion of our mirth-loving crew,—who throng the doors of theatres for checks, and act as supernumeraries in Robin Roughhead’s village ramble—who turn out as voluntary escorts to Bridewell processions, and *Pluck* militia parades, and set the town in alarm by crying fire for their amusement—who, in short, are so full of Tom and Jerryism, that they kick up a

row for the mere fun of it, whether the occasion be the public execution of a criminal, or the out-pourings of a self-created apostle. It became necessary for the corporation to settle the point of precedence between the two great reformists, and prevent all similar contentions in public thereafter, by driving them both from the park together, by the arm of civil power, and exclude any meetings of the kind from all public places whatsoever. Holdings forth of this kind are, consequently, confined to private premises now, and the first convenient stone-heap, wood-pile, cart, or other accommodation, on a vacant lot, serves for a pulpit to those self-styled, and (as they boast) self-paid expounders of the law and the testimony.

Of John Edwards, however, the history is good, if we except his notions in politics, religion, &c., of which opinions are various and contradictory. Johnny is from England—a full-blooded John Bull, a democrat of the first water, a quaker in manners and profession, and by trade and occupation the most honest, industrious, and capable maker of scale-beams in America. Johnny declares that his life is regulated by the 'even-handed justice' of one of his own beams; and, in the main, excepting as before excepted in regard to his opinions, we are inclined to credit his declaration. It is Johnny who denominates public executions legal murders, and is always found with petitions and remonstrances against the shedding of blood by any human authority. It was Johnny who made a pilgrimage to Washington, and procured from the president the pardon of a Spanish pirate, who was lately said to have returned to his old trade in Cuba, but is, nevertheless, quietly driving Johnny's cart about the streets, delivering the standards of justice, or honestly blowing and striking at the forge in Johnny's manufactory.

John's principal theme of declamation is the pride, the vain-glory, the idleness, the ambition, and the worldly-mindedness of educated, titled, and salaried preachers, for whom his gentlest term of reproach is—hireling priest, but whose worst appellation—and truth must admit that, for want of softer and synonymous phrases, such is the scantiness of Johnny's bibliothecal lore, he is by no means parsimonious in its application, is simply that of 'thieves and robbers.'

Happening to pass Johnny's lecture-ground this morning, I paused a moment, to hear if he had anything new to offer, and found him beating over the same old track, or rather hammering at the same old iron he has had on the anvil for many years. The favoured and special objects of this morning's philippic were the missionaries and evangelizing societies, who, he said, would encompass sea and land to make one proselyte.

But, said he, as charity begins at home, why don't these gentlemen, if they wish to make converts and reform mankind, undertake the business nearer at home, and pluck brands from the burning all around them? Why did they not establish missions among the heathen and the worst of heathen in our own city and under our own noses?

Were there not ignorance and misery enough in the Bancker Streets, the Henry Streets, and the Hook, to employ the labours of good men to find out and heal and remove? Why did not they go to those haunts of vice and immorality and wretchedness, and teach and bring the unlearned to knowledge, the proud to humanity, the drunkard to sobriety, the idle to industry, and the wicked to morality and godliness? Could they not find work enough at home, where their success would be seen and felt and known, instead of going thousands of miles in the wilderness, where nobody would know whether they ever did any good or not.

Are there not some of you here, cried he (and I thought the question quite pertinent by the looks of some around him), in need of instruction, advice, and reformation? How many Jews have been converted by the two hundred and fifty societies in this country? What do they convert, but money in their pockets? How many proselytes have they made? Not one, said he; but how many children of ignorance, depravity, and vice, in almost every street in our Christian city, might be made good members of society by the hundredth part of the time and money spent to convert the Jews, the Indians, the innocent savages of the South Seas, and the heathen of the East Indies? Let every one mend one, said the old man, and there will be no need of missionaries—every man should be a missionary to himself or his neighbour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

NAY, bid me not attune
My lyre to songs of gladness,
My mournful spirit can commune
Only with themes of sadness.
How can I raise my voice
In light and joyous measure,
And bid my wounded soul rejoice
With mockery of pleasure?
Say that my strain is sad,
Of love and sorrow breathing—
Where is the heart with rapture glad,
Round which the worm is wreathing?
The blossoms of my heart
Are torn away and scatter'd;
And can the young buds bloom apart,
Although the tree be shatter'd?
Thine was the early hand
Which pluck'd them in their blooming;
And left behind a burning brand,
The root and stem consuming;
Still in that hand they lie,
From thee they will not sever;
And thou canst make them bloom or die,
For ever—and for ever!

London, Aug., 1825. M. G. LEWIS.

OLDFIELD'S DAIRY.

'In the milky way.'
SONS of Cockayne's historic soil,
Daughters of Beauty's sphere,
Ere you begin diurnal toil,
Rise, and enjoy the year:
Climb the hill's slope in mornings airy,
And take a draught at Oldfield's Dairy.
Why hug your pillows till the chimes
Run round the parish tower?
Is early rising classed with crimes
Which happiness devour?

Up, up, descend your flights so stairy,
The sun shines over Oldfield's Dairy.
Milk, without water, from the cow,
Install'd without a garter,
Served by a deaf old woman now,—
Sometimes a damsel smarter;
A shed with seats,—while Paddy Carey
Wheels without wheels round Oldfield's Dairy.

Archers, not clad in Lincoln green,
Fire arrows, but to—fall;
Cricketers here, are nimbly seen
Attentive to the ball;
Circles they draw like fay and fairy,
And cheer the haunt of Oldfield's Dairy.
Come forth, while Morning blushes through
Nature's sweet cheeks of smiles;
Come, while the season's charms are new,
And suns form shady isles;
Come in the Evening's languor weary,
And be refreshed at Oldfield's Dairy.

A morning walk, an evening trip,
May change the scene of care;
Lighten the heart, instruct the lip,
And sweeten mortals' fare:—
O, why of pleasures be so chary?
Seek them, and visit Oldfield's Dairy. J. R. P.

FINE ARTS.

Martin's Illustrations of Milton's Paradise Lost. Part IV. Prowett.

THE Fourth Part of this splendid work is just published. The subjects of the two engravings, which, as our readers are aware, are not only designed but engraved by Mr. Martin,—are Satan on his Throne, and Eve at the Fountain. In the first Mr. Martin has finely embodied the description of the poet, and it really does appear

'A throne of royal state,
Which far outshone the wealth of Oræus and
of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Shows on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.'

The figure of Satan is finely drawn, and great pains is taken with the detail in the minor objects by which he is surrounded. There is a fearful grandeur about this engraving, which is well contrasted with the other print, Eve at the Fountain. Here nature luxuriates in all her pride, and nothing can be more enchanting. Mr. Martin possesses great skill in the management of light; and the reflection of the figure of Eve on the water, as she shrinks from it, is very good; the mother of the human race is finely drawn, and the whole is a beautiful picture; indeed one of the very best in this charming work.

THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH GALLERY.

THE exhibition in the rooms of the British Institution closed on Saturday, the 13th inst. and we cannot bid it adieu without thanking the honourable directors for the high treat they have afforded us, and giving it as our decided opinion, that this has been the most attractive of all the various exhibitions with which they have favoured the public.

It is well known to all our town readers, but probably not to our country ones, that the late exhibition consisted of pictures painted by artists now living, who, of course, furnished those (on being invited to do

so), which were deemed their *chef d'œuvres*. Those works of art, which have in their individual excellence furnished the most captivating objects in the national exhibitions for many years past, were here collected together, and formed a constellation of such brilliance as to set the question for ever at rest, as to the *inimitable* or *unattainable* excellence of the old masters. We have ourselves heard several very stiff-laced amateurs of those great men (to whom, unquestionably, we are eternally obliged) declare honestly their conviction, that they did not believe any equal number of old pictures, taken from the choicest galleries in Europe, could display more decided proof of high and various talent than the one before us.

Northcote's Meeting of Edward V. and the Duke of York, and his murder of those two fair boys, Hilton's exquisite Una, and Haydon's Judgment of Solomon, proved (together with several of equal celebrity) that even in historical painting we can make high pretensions. In the poetical and fancy department there were Wilkie's unequalled Highland Still, which gives the smack of mountain dew on the lip of all who behold it, with his more elaborate, and equally-finished Reading of the News from Waterloo. There was the Pleiades of Howard, those stars of undying lustre to the poetic painter. Leslie's Sancho talking to the Duchess. Oh! the *inimitable wisdom* of Sancho's snub nose, and his squat figure contrasted with the chastened graceful archness, and the high-born beauty of his auditor. The best of Stephanoft's, Newton's, and Chalan's gems were here also; which in character, brilliance, and justness of conception go far to rival proud names. Sir Thomas Lawrence's Hamlet, and Sir W. Beechey's portraits of royal ladies maintained their claims, but the former had been seen to more advantage in the seat of his own power this year by the unrivalled portrait of Master Lambton.

Among the landscapes were some singularly clever views by Lady Long, of scenes in France, and several beautiful views by Sir George Beaumont, of a cast of colour so entirely resembling those of Poussin, as to be surprising. We were disappointed in finding no pictures of Turner—he who dips his pencil in the rainbow; but Collins was there in his view, of the common and the sky, the air and the sunshine of nature, and Hofland in his Richmond (sweetly mellowed by ten summers since we first beheld it) and in a View of Ullswater so true, and in its truth so poetically beautiful, as to inspire all with 'love for the mountain and the flood.' Linton's Clearing of a Storm, showed the late turmoil of contending elements in admirable contrast with the calm, rural, scenes of Constable, who is always pleasant. In short, the whole exhibition was admirable, from the brilliance of Etty to the matchless enamels of Rowe, from the strength of Jackson to the grace of Lawrence, all tended to prove the superiority of the British school, and the existence of genius in the highest sense of the word.

Under our happy impressions of this captivating exhibition, we cannot fail to hope it

will lead to others of the same description, and as we can see no reason why some of the late pictures should not be exhibited again, we hope that as high a treat may be offered to the public another year. We are persuaded no one will deny, that the last equalled the wishes and exceeded the expectations, of the most sanguine; and we are, therefore, authorised to desire another, and in the full expectation that each succeeding one will be 'more welcome than the former.'

LETTER TO SIR CHARLES LONG.
(Concluded from p. 526.)

THIS writer is not very consistent nor very logical in some of his remarks; for, after finding fault with the situation of the New Bedlam, he proceeds to say: 'here, also (on the Surrey shore), or between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges, I regret that the New Post Office has not been placed:' and adds, further on, 'it is much to be feared that, placed where it is proposed to be, the New Post Office will have the fate of one or other of the two buildings on which I have commented; that it will not be fit to be seen, like the one; or fit to be seen without being seen, like the other.' Now, we really do not perceive why, as far as regards its design, or 'fitness to be seen,' the building should be at all affected, let it be placed where it may. Then, as to the other apprehension of the writer, that let it be ever so well worth seeing, it will not be seen, as he does not seem to be very well acquainted with the locality of St. Martin's-le-Grand—otherwise such a fear could hardly have arisen in his mind, we can assure him, that it is one of the most open sites in the city, and in the very line of a thoroughfare where it must daily catch the eyes of tens of thousands of passengers. And should, too, as is proposed, the houses at the east end of Paternoster Row be pulled down, and the ground cleared so as to open St. Martin's-le-Grand to St. Paul's Church-Yard, there will be one of the noblest and richest views in the metropolis, comprising the east end of the cathedral, St. Paul's School, and the Post Office. Of course, we presume that the latter building will be 'fit to be seen,' although it is not yet sufficiently advanced to enable us to form any opinion as to its architecture; but the name of Mr. Smirke is some guarantee, and a stone front of four hundred feet in extent, however plain or commonplace it may be in other respects, must present an imposing aspect. We hope, however, that it will not exactly resemble a print we have seen, professing to be a view of it; and from the *symptoms* already visible, we may almost pronounce that it will not. It is to be hoped that the houses on the west side of the street, which are exceedingly mean and paltry, will be pulled down and rebuilt,—so as to be worthy of their situation. We even think, too, that as far as regards the despatch of business, St. Martin's-le-Grand will be quite as convenient as the site so earnestly recommended by the writer of the Letter. Returning to the west end, he suggests, that all the Strand, from Exeter Change to Northumberland House should be widened and rebuilt; and here we perfectly agree with

him; although we much doubt whether an undertaking of such magnitude will be carried into execution, except by degrees. Should it ever be done, we hope that the whole line on both sides would have colonnades or piazzas, as at the Regent's Quadrant, or the Opera House; for in a bustling trading street, perpetually thronged with passengers, they would be a great accommodation, not only in winter and in rainy weather, when, owing to the crowd, it is difficult to carry an umbrella, so as to have much service from it; but in hot weather, as shelter from the sun, and also at other seasons of the year, owing to the wet and dirty state of the pavement from the constant traffic, even when there has been no rain for several days; so that one way or other shelter is very desirable in this and similar thoroughfares—Cheapside for instance, almost all the year round*.

'From the Charing Cross end of Northumberland House to Whitehall Place there must be some alteration or embellishment; fishmongers', butchers', and poulterers' shops, though of superior excellence, cannot be allowed to show their present exterior at the end of a street that will have one termination in the noble area of which the portico of St. Martin's Church will be the grand ornament, and the other, in that still nobler one, where Westminster Hall and Abbey will close the view†.

Something, too, we will add, ought to be done to give the Admiralty a nobler appearance, by substituting a loftier and better designed screen than the present one by Adam, which has been extolled far beyond its merits; for to say nothing of its other defects, it is exceedingly petty, and very inadequate to the purpose for which it was erected. Indeed, all the public buildings on that side, not excepting the Board of Trade, now building, are much too low, and on too small a scale.

The last suggestion in this Letter we can notice is rather an extraordinary one, especially from one who signs himself an 'Admirer of Good Taste,' it is, that the Mews should be converted into a national gallery, because, forsooth, 'its front is much too handsome to be pulled down!' But, although we are by no means disposed to pay implicit deference to his judgment or taste, we thank the writer for some of the hints he has here thrown out, and trust that they will not be entirely without effect in that quarter where he has thought proper to address them.

* In such streets as the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, piazzas or colonnades would not only be a great accommodation to foot passengers, but to the shops also; as in summer time they would be shaded from the sun, and in winter the pavement before their doors would be always dry and clean; whereas now it is, during the greater part of that season, a complete surface of mud; a circumstance that is no very great inducement for people to stop and gaze at shop windows.

† 'I suppose, in this case, the vile lane called King Street, and one side of Parliament Street to be removed.'

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THE DRAMA, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—On Monday evening, the new opera of *Tarrare*, the Tartar chief, was produced, to one of the most crowded houses we have seen this season. The music is by the celebrated Salieri, a composer whose works rank deservedly high on the continent. The story is as follows: — Tarrare (Mr. Braham) is a distinguished general, in the service of Atar (Mr. H. Phillips), Sultan of Persia, whose life, we are told, he had formerly saved; but he has the misfortune of possessing a beautiful wife, Astasia, with whom his sovereign falls desperately in love. The sultan of course endeavours to seduce her affections from her husband; but, finding her chastity invincible, while she has the company of Tarrare, he determines to try what effect a separation will produce. With the help of Altamore (Mr. Perkins), another general, and son of the high-priest of Brama, a plot is laid, which terminates in her being violently carried away in a boat by ruffians, while Tarrare is engaged in extinguishing the flames of his palace, which they had set on fire. He is told that the lady is taken beyond the limits of the sultan's territory, while she is concealed in the secret recesses of his harem. This fact, a slave, named Calpigi (Mr. Thorne), communicates, from a sense of gratitude, to the Tartar chief, and they contrive together how they shall effect her deliverance. In the meantime, a foreign enemy invades Persia: the priests of Brama meet in the temple of their deity, to appoint a commander in chief of the army, according to custom, which is done by one of the children of the oracle pronouncing the name of one of the officers, after certain religious rites have been performed. On this occasion, the high priest, Artenio (Mr. J. O. Atkins), endeavours to prevail on the child of the oracle (Miss Goward) to pronounce the name of his son—Altamore, the deadly enemy of Tarrare; but the child, under the influence of inspiration, utters the name of Tarrare, to his great disappointment and confusion. Altamore, indignant at this occurrence, upbraids the Tartar with his low birth; a challenge ensues, and the first and only blood that the Persian generalissimo sheds, in his new capacity, is what is spilt in this duel, which proves fatal to his enemy. Tarrare afterwards gets into the garden of the harem, by the aid of Calpigi, for the purpose of meeting his wife. Disguised as a mute, he unluckily meets not with the lady—but the sultan, who, being just then very much irritated against the obstinate virtue of Astasia, orders that she shall that very night be married to the mute—that, by humbling her pride, he may be avenged on her disdain. The mute is, of course, very well pleased at this arrangement; but the lady, hearing of it, persuades a female slave, Ninetta (Miss Paton), to personate her, which she does; and Tarrare, discovering the mistake, is again cruelly disappointed. In the meantime, having made himself known, he is discovered in the harem, and the sultan with pleasure sentences him to death for violating the sanctity of the seraglio. The army, however, with which he is popular, on

hearing of his impending doom, break out into open mutiny, rush into the palace, and menace the life of the sultan. Tarrare instantly rebukes them. At his orders, they ground their arms; and he intercedes with their delivered sovereign for their pardon. The sultan, overcome by the gallantry of his conduct, acts with magnanimity—loosens the chains of Tarrare, and gives him and the faithful mistress of his affections to liberty and love.

The plot is, however, the least important part in an opera, which possesses little dialogue, and that little in the present instance was anything but good; but the airs were very pretty, and the bravura parts full of energy. Mr. Braham was, perhaps, never in finer voice, and he executed the songs of the Tartar chief with fine effect: in one song he was twice encored. Miss Paton, who, by the by, is getting very stout, had several songs well suited to her voice, and she sung them in her very best style. A young lady, a pupil of Miss Kelly, who has been under the musical tuition of Liverati, made her first appearance on the stage in the part of Astasia. She has a fine person and a good voice, and when she has overcome the diffidence of her *début*, will, we doubt not, prove an acquisition to this theatre. A Mr. Atkins also appeared, for the first time, as the high priest; he has an excellent bass voice, and was much applauded. Phillips and Miss Goward, and Thorne, who had a comic part not suited to him, sung well. The trios and chorusses were extremely fine and very well executed, and the piece was completely successful, so much so, that there was not a mark of disapprobation the whole evening.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The admired improvisatrice, Rosa Taddie, has lately given, at Rome, three samples of her celebrated powers of manufacturing extemporaneous verse, to crowded audiences, and at extravagant prices of admission.

Mr. T. H. Bell, of Alnwick, has invented what he calls a *marine cravat*, to prevent persons from drowning. It is a cylinder of leather, water-proof, three inches in diameter, sufficiently long to surround the neck, and fasten behind with a buckle or clasp. It possesses a buoyancy sufficient to keep a person's head above water, so that by its use any one, though unable to swim, might venture into the deepest water, and remain suspended in security.

The following observations were made at Paris, by M. Arago, on the elevated temperature of the atmosphere this summer:—

'The thermometer rose to thirty-three degrees three centigrades on Thursday, the 19th July. It is rare that the heat is so intense at Paris: yet, in 1793, it rose two degrees higher; but the heat was not then continual as at present. M. Arago wished to ascertain to what depth the heat penetrated the earth, and what was the law of decreasing heat; and he obtained the same day the following results:—

'It must be premised that the mean temperature of Paris is about ten degrees five centigrades, at which heat the thermometer

stands all the year round, if placed on a depth of thirty to forty feet below the surface. At the present moment the solar heat was sensibly felt at twenty-five feet deep, and the thermometer was at eleven degrees five centigrades.

'At 20 feet it rose to	12 deg.
15 feet	15
6 feet	18
1 foot six inches	28

'At the surface of the earth the heat was, in the garden of the Observatory, at fifty-three degrees, when plunged in the river sand; and at fifty-five degrees if placed in dark-coloured earth.'

In Paris, the royal library has above 700,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 MSS. The library of Monsieur 150,000 printed volumes, and 5000 MSS. The library of St. Genevieve 110,000 printed volumes, and 2000 MSS. The Mazarine library 92,000 printed volumes, and 3000 MSS. The library of the city of Paris 20,000 volumes. All these are daily open to the public. In the departments there are twenty-five public libraries, with above 1,700,000 volumes, of which Aix has 72,670, Marseilles 31,500, Toulouse 30,000, Bordeaux 105,000, Tours 30,000, Lyons 106,000, Versailles 40,000, and Amiens 40,000. In the Royal Library, at Paris, there are several uncollated MSS. of the Scriptures.

A pump for one of the Mexican Mining Companies, of one thousand feet in length, has recently been cast at a furnace near Cincinnati. The bore is about four inches, and the pump was cast in one hundred pieces, of ten feet in length each. This stupendous pump cost six cents per pound, and each piece weighing one thousand pounds, the aggregate cost was six thousand dollars. It was taken to New Orleans by the steam-boat Mississippi. From New Orleans it was intended to ship it to some Mexican port, whence it is to be carried in waggons about three hundred miles into the interior. Finally, it will be borne thirty miles up a steep and rugged mountain, on the backs of the Indians, to its place of destination. This pump will be worked by steam.—*New York paper*.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Beau Brummell, in the zenith of his reign, was one day accosted by a notorious *garnerer**, with 'Do you go to Mrs Boehm's masquerade to-night, Brummell?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply. 'Good! and pray do you go in *disguise*, or as a *gentleman*?' Soured, but not moved from his natural coolness, by such a question, Brummell replied, 'I think of going as Apollo, and, if so, shall take you as my lyre!' (Quære, liar?)

Curious Challenge.—We have received a letter from Mr. John G. Morris, in which he offers to undertake the following singular nautical feat, if he can get backed by any respectable persons:—'To sail from London and take a final departure from Falmouth, and touch at Madeira, thence to Bridgetown, Barbadoes; thence to Kingston, Jamaica; thence to Havannah, in Cuba; and thence

* Quære, decorator?

to New York; and to perform the voyage in five months, in a vessel not to exceed forty feet in length, with wheels, without the use of steam or animal power, of his own invention, never yet made public, and with the help of sails occasionally; and he will perform this very circuitous, hazardous, and daring voyage, without the assistance or company of any human being whatever. He proposes to perform the voyage next summer, if he can meet with a backer. The little vessel, he says, shall be a perfect model of British naval architecture, and her machinery will not be expensive. Should he meet with any success, in the form of a written promise, from any respectable source, he will leave New York, on his own account, next April, for London, in a little vessel not to exceed thirty feet in length, with sails as usual, alone, without the assistance or company of any human being whatever.—*Dublin Warden.*

The Stomach.—The stomach is not sensible of the weight, taste, odour, &c., of the substance received; and, so far as it is concerned, we could not distinguish sugar from jalap, or wine from medicine. It is, however, the seat of feelings peculiar to itself, such as hunger, thirst, satiety, squeamishness, &c.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock	Morning	10 o'clock	Noon.	11 o'clock	Night	Baron	10 o'clock	Noon.	Weather.
	8 o'clock	—	—	—	—	—	Baron	10 o'clock	Noon.	—
Aug 12	60	67	60	30	01	Fair.				
.... 13	60	63	59	29	50	Rain.				
.... 14	58	65	55	..	53	Fair.				
.... 15	56	62	54	..	60	Cloudy.				
.... 16	55	67	58	..	89	Fair.				
.... 17	60	71	63	..	91	Do.				
.... 18	59	66	58	30	10	Do.				

Works published since our last notice.—Hofland's *Moderation, a Tale*, 6s.—Memoirs of Miss C. E. Carey, three vols. 2l. 2s.—Pleasure Tours in Ireland, 10s. 6d.—Walton's Lives of Donne, &c. 12mo, 18s.—Edinburgh Post Office Directory, 4s.—Salame's Hebrew Grammar, 8vo, 14s.—Evans' Walks through Wales.

THE LAST WEEK!

THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical Lady and Ten other Automatons, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the Little Theatre), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £10,000, display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sustentane Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor. Open from Ten till Six.—Admittance 2s.—Children 1s.—Several Self-acting Musical Instruments for Sale.

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